# Spirit of the Times

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## Things Theatrical.

The *Park* has been closed since the evening of the 4th, but re-opens for a limited summer season on Monday next, with CONNOR of Philadelphia, as *Claude Melnotte* in the Lady of Lyons, and JAMIESON from Charleston as *Beauseant*. Where the deuce is PARSONS?

The *National* closed on Wednesday; during the recess it is to be handsomely embellished preparatory to the September season, for which great preparation is making both at home and abroad. We shall be enabled to inform our playgoing readers in a few weeks of the engagements made abroad by WALLACK.

So many American managers are drumming up recruits abroad that the histrionic talents of old England are likely to experience "a sea change" this year. In addition to Messrs. PRICE and WALLACK, now in London, agents have been sent abroad by CALDWELL of New Orleans, and MAYWOOD of Philadelphia. SCOTT & THORNE and LUDLOW & SMITH have also sent out orders, as well as two or three embryo managers who have "a strong opposition" in contemplation in three or four cities we might name.

The *Franklin* is retrieving its laurels, and doing a good business in Chatham Square, under Dinneford's direction. The company was never probably so strong as at this present writing, though it sadly wants some one to stand in JOHN SEFTON's shoes.

The *Olympic* stands, we believe, just where it did last week; furthermore deponent saith not.

JOHN CLARKE announces his farewell benefit at the Park on Tuesday next, when his two daughters, BROWNE of the National, GEER, NEAFIE, and CHRISTIAN will appear. Let the veteran have a bumper.

A correspondent over the signature of "*Argus*" in Tuesday's "Gazette," suggests the propriety of giving a complimentary benefit to Mr. SIMPSON, the time-honored manager of the Park. The suggestion has been made before, but is not on that account the less deserving attention; come whence it may, the project shall have our hearty co-operation and best wishes. Such a benefit as the one proposed should not take place, however, before the month of September, and in the meantime we would suggest to the friends of Mr. S. to call a meeting for the purpose of adopting measures likely to ensure it such complete success as would reflect credit upon the taste and good feeling of our citizens, while at the same time it would confer lasting honor upon an eminently popular and meritorious public servant who has done so much for their gratification, and for a profession of which he is one of the brightest ornaments.

We should be doing violence to every feeling of truth and justice, becoming the conductor of a public journal, were we to omit inviting particular attention to Miss CLIFTON's Card in another column. As we knew it must be, it is a complete vindication of the "damnable inuendoes" bruited abroad through the degraded columns of a portion of the press in this city, and which bore upon their face the evidence of their atrocious falsehood, and the fell and malignant influences which prompted them. The distressing intelligence of the death of Miss MISSOURI reached Miss CLIFTON at Cincinnati, two days previous to the commencement of her engagement there. Its effect upon her rendered it not only impossible for her to complete it, but her friends were fearful of the consequences in her present enfeebled state of health, and deemed it necessary to proceed with her immediately to this city; she accordingly left Cincinnati on Sunday week last, "in a state of mind," says the Republican of that city, "bordering on distraction." She arrived in town on Monday last, and has taken lodgings at the Astor House.

The Picayune has the following paragraph upon a ridiculous scene enacted at the National here, recently, about which the "Daily Whig" contrived to "make a Judy of itself" and Gen. MORRIS:—

*Miss Davenport.*—What spectacles the New York people make of themselves with this child! One of the papers, in noticing the ceremony of presenting her with a watch, makes the utmost of the trifling circumstance, and in very dignified style publishes her speech thus: "When I heard that my American friends intended to present me with a watch, I ran to pa, and asked if it was true. Having ascertained the fact, my little heart jumped for joy. Aye, and my little body too. I here hold the proof of it. I now place it next my heart. It goes tick-a-tack, tick-a-tack, and my heart keeps time with it."

This the editor of the Whig pronounces to be one of the neatest impromptu addresses he ever listened to." Dear little Miss Davenporty-torty; why don't you turn to Orleansy-peansy! Do turn—dat's a dood litty tildy-pildy.

### MISS ELLEN TREE AT WASHINGTON.

*To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.*—My admiration of Miss TREE should have moved me to relate her triumphs here a week since—but I dare say she can tell how much the weather at this season, in latitude 29, indisposes one to the least exertion. Need I say that we surrendered unconditionally to her! or is not too much a matter of course to require assertion! Though considered perfect in all she undertook, I believe her Rosalind, Ion, and Youthful Queen, have given generally most delight. The finished critique, from a Southern paper, which you have lately given your readers the pleasure of perusing, renders any particular comment on "Ion" unnecessary.—yet how perfect is her conception of the character—with what unassuming modesty of deportment does Miss TREE portray the foundling of Apollo's Temple, whilst omitting no trait of the sublimity of perfect virtue and celestial inspiration which give lustre to his beautiful simplicity. With what delicacy does she delineate the gradual increase of his lofty, although terrific consciousness of a supernatural and irresistible influence at work in his soul, and the dignity of speech and action arising from it! and amidst every varying emotion the harmony of the character is preserved as perfectly by the actress, as by the author. The touching sweetness of Miss TREE's voice—her clear and unaffected enunciation—(the latter a quality as rare as it is delightful)—the grace and ease of her gestures and attitudes, all combine to give to Sargeant TALFOURD's exquisite creation "a local habitation and a name:"—so long as taste and memory exists will Miss TREE be identified with "Ion" by all who have seen her in the part.

Most persons were equally charmed with her personation of the "Youthful Queen;" the play itself is admirably suited to the general taste, and Miss TREE was listened to throughout with the most intense interest. At the close of the last scene of the 1st act, her attitude, gesture, voice, and above all, the expression of triumph, conscious power, gratified affection, and archness, so consonant with the character, visible in her eloquent eye and lip, drew down as loud and heartfelt applause, as ever rewarded the exertions of talent.

Besides Rosalind, Ion, and Christine, which were repeated, Miss TREE performed Marianna, Constance, Clarisse, and in these widely contrasted parts, her exquisite conception of character was the theme of every tongue. She certainly possesses in the highest degree, that nice perception, ready adaptation, and faultless execution, which are so rare that when seen they can scarce be sufficiently admired.

I learn that Miss TREE remains another year in our country, so I shall live in hopes of seeing her again—for indeed she quite bewitched me—she was literally "my thought by day and dream by night," while she remained here. I was very anxious to have seen her "Viola;" that and "Rosalind" are my favorites in Shakspeare's comedies, and I am sure no one could do them justice but Miss TREE. A. B.

P.S. I must mention that the eminent and venerable ex-President Adams was among the most constant and most interested admirers of Miss TREE. A. B

### A CARD—TO THE PUBLIC.

It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and humiliation that one who is largely a debtor to public favor, ventures to present herself before that public, to solicit its candid attention for a brief space to some circumstances which, through several channels, have already been spread before them with a rude and unfeeling hand.

Nothing but a just self-regard, and a natural desire to preserve pure and unsullied that estimation in the public mind which it has ever been the writer's ambition and endeavor to attain, could induce her to come forth from the solitude of her own grief, and present herself to the eyes of the world in relation to subjects which chiefly concern herself. But cherished as I have been for six years past in my professional career by the kind indulgence of a generous community, I cannot permit my affection as a sister, or my honor as a woman, to be assailed without some attempt to repel the unjust attack. Alas, some of the arrows, which were doubtless intended for me, glanced from their mark, and struck the bosom of another with a deep and deadly wound. Would that mine could have been the shield for that tender flower, which has been rudely trampled to the dust by the selfish and the unfeeling!

It must be too sadly evident that I refer to a tragedy of which New York has recently been the theatre, and my half-sister, Miss LOUISE MISSOURI MILLER, the hapless victim. That scene has been to me so full of wo, so heart-rending, and so revolting in all its features, that I would fain throw a veil over it to conceal not only the scene itself, but its principal actors, for ever from my view. But, in spite of every effort, they are constantly before me and I can only ask of the indulgent reader his patience for a moment, while I disclaim at once, and for ever, all connection with the tragedy, and with those who made themselves most conspicuous in it.

It would seem as if those who obtained possesion of the person of my late unfortunate and lamented sister, fearful of the just retribution which might be expected from that public by whose favor they "live and have their being," considered it expedient to fix the general attention upon *others* as the authors of the calamity to which allusion has been made;—and the humble individual who now makes this appeal was selected as one of the objects of attack. In the fulfilment of this design, it has been in some instances boldly asserted as a fact proved before the jury summoned by the Coroner to look upon the pale corse of the victim, and investigate the causes which led to her untimely death, that I, alarmed at the professional success of my sister, "wrote to request" that she "might be taken from the stage for a short time, or for ever." This statement is in all its parts UTTERLY FALSE. In the first place, I never did write to any person whatever concerning my sister's professional career, nor in any letter of mine was the subject in the remotest degree alluded to. In truth, during my recent absence from New York I wrote but one letter, and that from the bed of pain and sickness, merely to announce my continued existence to one who has a natural right to this mark of my remembrance. I had neither leisure nor health, even had I entertained the disposition, to take upon myself the supervision of my sister's affairs. Leaving Philadelphia on the 1st of January last, I arrived in New Orleans on the 26th of the same month, and commenced my engagement there at the St. Charles theatre on the Monday following. After a brief space I was struck down by the strong hand of sickness, and for thirteen long weeks during my absence was I stretched upon the couch of disease, (by my physicians supposed to be my death-bed,) and little place was there in my bosom for "envy, hatred, or uncharitableness" of any kind,—least of all towards my sister.

Neither is it true that I was opposed to her appearing upon the stage. Children of misfortune from our very birth, it was due to our characters that we should by our own efforts protect and maintain ourselves. Thus forlorn in the world, and prompted to the exercise of every faculty of our minds, little did we think that the success of either could have any other effect than to bind us closer in the bonds of sisterly affection. It is a tribute due to the memory of my departed sister to say, that to no person living did the partial success of my histrionic efforts afford half the pleasure it seemed always to give her. Towards such a sister, and a child, too, in years, how could I indulge an unworthy thought! Under these circumstances, my sister's determination to enter upon professional life was never opposed by me, although I have given her warning (alas! unheeded) as to the professional path and instruction which she should *avoid*. We were in no sense rivals, and my sister's success would have afforded me the most pure and unmingled gratification. During the brief years allotted to her on this troubled theatre of life, we lived together in peaceful affection and the most entire harmony, notwithstanding revelations and confessions put into her lips for base purposes, now that they are sealed for ever in death.

If my kind and indulgent readers have had the patience to follow me thus far, they will perceive that my sole object is to vindicate myself—not to accuse others. I leave all those who pursued my gentle sister, like a fawn flying before the hunters, to their own consciences—to public opinion, and the just retribution of their God! For me, "I had no part nor lot in the matter," and can only grieve that any one should be so uncharitable as to suppose that she who now weeps over the new-made grave of her sister, could be so base as to assist in driving her there, as to the only refuge where she could lie down in peace and security. I take my leave of this, to me, most affecting subject, now and for ever. My tale is told—my task is done, and I leave my character, my motives, my hopes, and my future aspirations in your impartial hands. If you condemn me, I have no tribunal of appeal. Your sentence, as to myself, will be final. Let it be just, and I have nothing to fear.

ASTOR HOUSE, *New York*, July 6th, 1838. JOSEPHINE CLIFTON.

*The Drama in Texas!*—Since the establishment of a *Jockey Club*, the Texians have got up a theatre at the capital. The "Picayune" states that the Houston theatre was to have opened on the 11th of June, with "*The Hunchback.*" As this may hereafter be considered an epoch in the "History of the Drama," we shall give the cast, which is as follows: Master Walter, BARKER; Sir Thomas Clifford, CORRI; Lord Tinsel, JACKSON; Master Wilford, ORMOND; Modus, SARGEANT; Fathom, NEWTON; Heartwell, CHAMBERS; Stephen, HORN; Julia, Mrs. BARKER; Helen, Mrs. HUBBARD. Previous to the play, an Opening Address, recited by Mr. CARLOS; after which, the whole company sing a National Texian Anthem, written for the occasion by Mr. CORRI. The whole to conclude with the "*Dumb Belle.*"

### ACTORS BY DAYLIGHT.

TAIT's *Edinburgh Magazine* has a paper (from which the extract below is taken) entitled "*Sketches about Town,*" which carries the reader to the corner of Bow-street, Covent-garden, and gives him some agreeable glimpses of his excellent acquaintances, the actors, each in his habit as he lives off the stage.

"It is no matter whether a performer exercises his energies under the 'ursa major' of Drury Lane or the potentate of the Pavilion; he is sure to take his daily walk of contemplation at the region aforesaid. It is two by the clock of St. Paul's, Covent-garden; the rehearsals are over. There—in a dark blue suit, and a rather broad-brimmed hat, with a yellow cane, and, if it be cold, a dark bottle-green great-coat, exceedingly long—sidles Macready, bending inwards to the wall; his complexion bearing evidence of illness, and betokening the gloomy habit of his mind. You seldom see him otherwise than *solus*. He glances hurriedly at the prints, and proceeds. In a surtout, and under a white hat, saunters a little, pale man, whose visage is disproportioned to his frame; his eyes are very light, and have a strange stare, for he labours under defective vision. He wears a ribbon round his neck instead of a stock, and ever and anon raises his eye-glass. He is Jerrold, the most original story-teller of the time. That scholar-like man in a blue coat and bright buttons, who carries an umbrella, though the sun is high in Heaven, and the day is bright, is Serle. His smile almost amounts to a laugh. He jerks his arm forward, and catches his brother dramatist by the hand. There! —I knew it—they have stopped at the corner. He who bows as he passes them is Bartley. Attired in mourning, and evidently in thought, he trudges on; you would take him for the holder of a smaller living, if you did not know him to be a comedian. He has passed the authors, but he is stopped by a thin, square-headed, light-haired man, who catches at his button. Their heads come in contact. Something of import is on the *tapis* at Drury, for that gentleman is Drinkwater Meadows. Down Bow-street, dropping in at Harris, the bookseller's, comes a pale faced gentleman, who ambles rather than walks; whose pace evidently would be a run if it could. He nods to every-body—actor, author, critic, call-boy. There he crosses; now he nods to the cad at the coach-stand—they are acquaintances from two-and-twenty years' promenading, on the part of the performer, in this vicinity. He gives one look at Drury, as much as to say, "How are you?—I'm a St. James's boy, now," and ambles on: that is Harley. With his head thrust forward at the top of his spare form, comes Farren; his face wearing a raw and scraped look; his figure that of a man of five-and-twenty, but his snowy brow, pointing at full fifty. He has stopped to speak to that lady with a presence. She laughs and heaves convulsively. That little boy that has walked round her, looks fatigued. She proceedd—"Earth does does bear alive a stouter" lady, or a better comic actress; that is Mrs. Glover. Walking as if the bearer of an express, see that little man, who stands about five feet five. He has small quick eyes, close together; he lifts his hat to Mrs. G. He is bald. His surtout is faced velvet, and the cuffs are of the same material. He darts towards Drury, nodding *a la mandarin*, on each side, as he goes; it is Planché.

*Haytien Dramatic Literature.*—A Southern contemporary states that a whity-brown negress, sixteen years of age, a native of Hayti, composed, fifteen years ago, a tragedy entitled "The Death of Christophe," which was represented at the national theatre of that republic by order of President Boyer.

The late and *great* Mr. Kean made his first appearance at Drury Lane on the 26th of January, 1814, and performed *Shylock* fourteen times during the season. The receipts to that and other characters were as follows:—

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|---|---|
| Shylock, fourteen nights | £4921 3 0 |
| Richard III., twenty-five ditto | 14,063 9 0 |
| Hamlet, eight ditto | 4099 18 6 |
| Othello and Iago, eighteen ditto | 8485 14 6 |
| Luke, three ditto | 1372 7 6 |
| | £32,942 12 6 |
| Twenty-five private boxes | 1700 0 0 |
| | £34,642 12 6 |

The following is a correct enumeration of the greatest amount of persons that ever *paid* to the theatre on one night:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Boxes | 1148 |
| Pit | 880 |
| Lower gallery | 488 |
| Upper ditto | 385 |
| How much has Mr. Charles Kean drawn? | —2901 |

London Age.

NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.—An article in the "Courier des Etats Unis," of this city, condensed by the Norfolk Beacon, exhibits the following interesting facts. It states that there are at Paris more than 300 papers: 31 daily political; 3 or 4 reviews; 5 small papers; 27 non daily papers; 24 religious or moral, of which 10 are Protestant; 36 devoted to legislation and jurisprudence; 3 to political economy and government; 12 to history, statistics, and travels; 44 to literature; 9 to the fine arts, painting, and music; 2 theatrical; 15 to the mathematical and natural sciences; 28 to medicine; 12 to the military and marine arts; 22 to agricultural and rural economy; 23 commerce and industry; 7 to public instruction; 20 to the ladies, young women or misses (demoiselles), and children; 11 to fashion (le modes); 4 to pictorial collections; 7 to announces; and 12 difficult to range under any category.

The same article states that England and America have more newspapers than all the other countries of the globe, the number being in Belgium, 84; in France, 750; in England, 1200; in America, 3000; in Holland, Switzerland, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Italy, and in the other countries of Europe, 71. Total, 5000 and upwards.

India has 27 papers; Australia 17, (both these countries are, however, under British sway); China 1 (the Canton Register); Turkey, since 1832, has 2 journals; Greece 4; and the Candia Isle has just issued its paper.

The number of papers in the United States exceeds those of Great Britain by 1800, and those of France by 2250!

ADVICE TO LADIES.—Ladies, always delightful, and not the least so in their undress, are apt to deprive themselves of some of their best morning beams by appearing with their hair in papers. We give notice, that essayists, and of course all people of taste, prefer a cap, if there must be anything; but hair a million times over. To see grapes in paper bags is bad enough; but the rich locks of a lady in papers, the roots of the hair twisted up like a drummer's, and the forehead staring bald instead of being gracefully tendrilled and shadowed!—it is a capital offence—a defiance to the love and admiration of the other sex—a provocative to a paper war; and we here accordingly declare the said war on paper, not having any ladies at hand to carry it at once into their head quarters. We must allow, at the same time, that they are very shy of being seen in this condition, knowing well enough how much of their strength, like Sampson's, lies in that gifted ornament. We have known a whole parlour of them fluttered off, like a dove cote, at the sight of a friend coming up the garden. Leigh Hunt.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.—At the second day's sale of Sir Philip Francis's library, Mr. Evans the auctioneer, on coming to a number of copies of the Letters of Junius, with MS. notes, corrections of the text, &c., by Sir Philip, addressed the audience on the amount of additional evidence they contained in support of his claims to the authorship of that celebrated production. In the edition of 1783, the first complete one, several names were inserted conjecturally by Mr. Woodfall. Sir Philip, who had then returned from India, inserted the correct names in place of those filled in by guess, and corrected the text in sundry places. A quotation from Blackstone, in Junius, is marked in Sir Philip Francis's Blackstone. Some curious evidence was given of the absence from town of Sir Philip at the time when Junius must have been absent.

There is a talk of having foot-races this season in the Champ de Mars, between the eleves of the Gymnastic School.

# The Yellowplush Correspondence.

## MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND.

Dear Hollyver Y.—,—There was a pritty distubbance, as you may phancy, when you Magaseen arrived in our hall, and was read by all the men and gals there assambled. Fust there was coachmin: he takes his whig off when I comes into dinner, and boughing with a hair of mock gravity, drinks to "Mr. Charles, the littery man." Nex, Shalott, my lady's maid (a French gal), says, "*O Jew, Maseer Shawl, vous eight ung belispre.*" "Will you have some bile mutton, Yellowplush," cries cook; it's the *leading Harticle* of our dinner to-day." Never, in fack, was such chaffin heard, the jockes and repparees flashes about like lightnin.

"I am," says I, in a neat spitch, "I am a littery man—there is no shame in it in the present instins; though, in genneral, it's a blaggerd employment enough. But it ain't my *trade*—it isn't for the looker of gain that I sitt penn to payper—it is in the saycred caws of nollitch. (*Hear, hear.*) The exolted class which *we* have the honor to serve," says I, "has been crooly misreparysented. Authors have profist to describe what they never see. Pepple in Russle Square, and that vulgar naybrood, bankers, slissitors, merchints' wives, and indeed snobs in general, are in their ideer of *our* manners and customs, misguided, deceived, HUMBUGGED—for I can find no more ellygant expression—by the accounts which they receive of us from them authors. Does Bulwer," says I, "for instins, know any think of fashnabble life? (*Snears, and hallygorical cries of "Hookey," "How's your mother?" &c.*) You jine with me in a pinion," says I, "and loudly hanser, *No!* Did Skeleton know any more! (*Cries of "Hoff, hoff," from coachmin, "Fee dong," from my lady's maid.*) No, no more nor Bulwer. It is against these imposters that I harm myself; and you, my friends, will applod my resolution."

The drawing-room bell had been ringing all this time like mad, and I was here obliged to finish my spitch, in a pint of porter to the health of the compny. On entring the room, I only found miss smilin and readin a copy of your Magazine.

"Papa has been ringing this half hour, Chawls," says she, "and desires you will wait till he returns from the libry. And then Miss (Lucy her name is) simpered and stuttered, and looked down and looked up, and blushed, and seemed very od—beautiful she always is. "Chawls," says she, a summonsing her curridge, "is this—that is—is that—I mean, is this article in *Fraser's Magazine* your composition?"

"It is, miss," said I, lookin at her most tendrilly, "an insignificant triffle from my pen."

"It is the best Magazine in Eurup," adds Miss Lucy.

"And no mistake."

"Your article is—really—very—amusing," says she, blushin as a red as a piany."

"Do you, *do* you think so, miss?" says I: "miss, *dear* miss, if it gives you any pleasure, oh how amply it repays me!" I gev her, as I said this, one of my pecuniary loox—I never knew them loox fail with any woman at any hage. I was on my knees quite appropo; for I had just been emptying coals from the skittle. I laid one of my hands on my left weskit, and said, "O Miss Lucy!" in a voice of such excrooshiating tenderness, that I saw at once it was all up with her. But "Hush!" cried she, all of a sudden; "get up, sir—here's papa."

And papa it was, sure enough. Sir Jeames came into the room very stately, and holdin a book in his hand. "Chawls," said he, "we have been readin your artickle in *Fraser's Magazine*, and very much amused we was. High life was never so well described, or so authenticly. Pray, sir," says he, "may I ask is this review also yours?" and he holds up to me the *Quotley Revew* of October, on "Ettykitt." I saw at a glans that this was none of *my* doing.

"Sir," says I, "I never so much as see the thing."

"Well, sir," says he, "take it, and read it, and go about your bisniss; and, harky, hanser the bell when it's rung next time."

Cuss the aristoxy, say I, for set of proud tyrants, who won't reckonise the highest order of merit, genus.

For the whole of that afternoon I shut myself in the pantry, and devoted myself to the perusial of that artickle. The author of it is particly proud, as I see, of the annygoats which he introjuices; and which are, though I say it, no more to my annygoats than wisky to milk and water. They are ingenus, they are pleasant (many of 'em being very old frens, and not the less welkim for that); but they are not the real thing—only a juke or a juke's footmin can do fashnabble life justice; and it is for that reason I have determined to have another wack at magazine writin.

In this article the author quotes fifteen or sixteen boox about politeness. Nonsins! only experunce can give authority on the subject—and experunce I have had.

I felt conwinced that, to describ fashnabble life, ONE OF US must do the thing, to do it well; and I determined to give you a few passidges from my own autobografy, in which I have passed through all grads of it, from a shopkeeper up to a duke, from a knife boy to the dignity of a footman. Here is my fust tail: it aint about *wery* fashnabble society, but a man don't begin by being at once a leader of the ho tong—*my* fust survices was in a much more humble capacity.

### Chapter I.

Well then, *poor commonsy*, as they say: I was born in the year one, of the present or Christian hera, and am in consquints, seven-and-thirty years old, and no mistake. My mamma called me Charles Edward Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachmin whom she knew, who wore a yellow livry, and drove the Lord Mayor of London.

Why she gev me this genlmn's name, is a diffiklty, or rayther the name of a part of his dress; however, it's stuck to me through life, in which I was, as it were, a footman by buth.

Praps he was my father—though on this subject I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my buth in a mistry. I may be illygitmit, I may have been changed at nuss; but I've always had genlmnly tastes through life, and have no doubt that I come of a genlmnly origum.

The less I say about my parint the better, for the dear old creature was very good to me, and, I fear, had very little other goodness in her. Why, I can't say; but I always passed as her nevyou. We led a strange life; sometimes ma was dressed in sattn and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt; sometimes I got kisses, and sometimes kix; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang: law bless us! how she used to swear at me, and cuddle me; there we were, quarrelling and making up, sober and tipsy, starving and guttling by turns, just as ma got money or spent it. But let me draw avail over the seen, and speak of her no more—its 'sfishnt for the public to know, that her name was Miss Montmorency, and we lived in the New Cut.

My poor mother died one morning, Heav'n bless her! and I was left alone in this wide wicked wuld, without so much money as would buy me a penny roal for my brexfast. But there was some amongst our naybours (and let me tell you there's more kindness among them poor disrepptable creaturs than in half-a-dozen lords or barrynets) who took pity upon poor Sal's orfin (for they bust out laffin when I called her Miss Montmorency), and gev me bred and shelter. I'm afraid, in spite of their kindness, that my *morrils* would have improved if I'd stayed long among 'em. But a bennyviolent genlmn saw me, and put me to school. The acadmy which I went to was called the Free School of Saint Bartholomew's the Less—the young genlmn wore green baize coats, yellow leather whatsisnames, a tin plate on the left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffing. I stayed there sicks years, from sicks, that is to say, till my twelfth year, during three years of witch, I distinguished myself not a little in the musicle way, for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin, and very fine tunes we played too.

Well, it's not worth recounting my jewvenile follies (what trix we sued to play the applewoman! and how we put snuf in the old clark's Prayer-book—my eye!) but one day, a genlmn entered the school-room—it was on the very day I went to subtraxion—and asked the master for a young lad for a servant. They pitched upon me glad enough; and nex day found me sleeping in the skullery, close under the sink, at Mr. Bago's country-house, at Pentonwille.

Bago kep a shop in Smithfield market, a drov a taring good trade, in the hoil and Italian way. I've heard him say, that he cleared no less than fifty pounds every year, by letting his front room at hanging time. His winders looked right opsit Newgit, and many and many dozen chaps has he seen hangin there. Laws was laws in the year ten, and they screwed chaps nex for nex to nothink. But my bisness was at his country-house, where I made my first *ontray* into fashnabl life. I was knife, errint, and stable-boy, then, and an't ashamed to own it; for my merrits have raised me to what I am—two livries, forty pound ayear, malt-licker, washin, silk-stockins, and wax candles—not countin wails, which is somethink pretty considerable at *our house*, I con tell you.

I didn't stay long here, for a suckmstance happened which got me a very different situation. A handsome young genlmn, who kep a tilbury, and a ridin hoss at livry, wanted a tiger. I bid at once for the place; and, being a most tidy-looking lad, he took me. Bago gave a character, and he my first livry; proud enough I was of it, you may fancy.

My new master had some business in the city, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbry at the Citty Road, and had it waiting for him at six; when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park, and drove one of the neatest turnouts there. Wery proud I was in a gold-laced hat, a drab coat, and a red weskit, to sit by his side, when he drove. I already began to ogle the gals, in the carridges, and to feel that longing for fashnabl life which I've had ever since. When he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Condick Gardens; and Mr. Frederick Altamont's young man was somebody, I warrant; to be sure there is very few man-servants at Pentonwill, the poppylation being mostly gals of all work: and so, though only fourteen, I was as much a man down there as if I had been as old as Jerusalem.

But the most singular thing was, that my master, who was such a gay chap, should live in such a hole. He had only a ground-floor in John-street—a parlor and a bedroom. I slep over the way, and only came in with his boots and brexfast of a morning.

The house he lodged in belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shum. They were a poor but prolific couple, who had rented the place for many years; and they and their family were squeezed in it pretty tight, I can tell you.

Shum said he had been a hofficer, and so he had. He had been a sub-deputy, assistant, vice-commissary, or some such think; and, as I heerd afterwards, had been obliged to leave on account of his *nervousness*. He was such a coward, the fact is, that he was considered dangerous to the harmy, and sent home.

He had married a widow Buckmaster, who had been a Miss Slamcoe. She was a Bristol gal; and her father being a bankrup in the tallow-chandlering way, left, in course, a pretty little sum of money. A thousand was settled on her, and she was as high and mighty as if it had been a million.

Buckmaster died, leaving nothink; nothink excep four ugly daughters by Miss Slamcoe: and her forty pound a year was raythor a narrow income for one of her appytite and pretensions. In an unlucky hour for Shum she met him. He was a widower with a little daughter of three years old, a little house at Pentonwill, and a little income about as big as her own. I believe she bullied the poor creature into marriage; and it was agreed that he should let his ground-floor at John Street, and so add something to their means.

They married; and the widow Buckmaster was the gray mare, I can tell you. She was always talking and blustering about her famly, the celebrity of the Buckmasters, and the antickety of the Slamcoes, They had a six-roomed house (not counting kitchen and sculry), and now twelve daughters in all; whizz, 4 Miss Buckmasters, Miss Betsy, Miss Dosy, Miss Biddy, and Miss Winny; a Miss Shum, Mary by name, Shum's daughter, and seven others, who shall be nameless. Mrs. Shum was a fat, red-haired woman, at least a foot taller than S., who was but a yard and a half high, pale-faced, red-nosed, knock-need, bald-headed, his nose and shut-frill all brown with snuff.

Before the house was a little garden, where the washin of the family was always hanging. There was so many of em that it was obliged to be done by relays. There was six rails and a stocking on each, and four small goosbry bushes, always covered with some piece of lining or other. The hall was a reglar puddle; wet daubs of dishclouts flapped in your face: soapy smoking bits of flanning went nigh to choke you; and while you were looking up to prevent hanging yourself with the ropes which were strung across and about, slap came the hedge of a pail against your shins, till one was like to be drove mad with hagony. The great slattnly doddling girl was always on the stairs, pokin about with nasty flower-pots, a-cooking something, or sprawling in the window seats with greasy curl papers, reading greasy novls. An infernal pianna was jingling from mornin till night—two eldest Miss Buckmasters "Battle of Prag"—six youngest Miss Shums, "In my cottage," till I knew every note in the "Battle of Prag," and cussed the day when "In my cottage" was rote. The younger girls, too, were always bouncing and thumping about the house, with torn pinnyafores, and dog's eared grammars, and large pieces of bread and treacle. I never see such a house.

As for Mrs. Shum, she was such a fine lady, that she did nothing but lay on the drawing-room sophy, read novels, drink, scold, scream, and go into hystarrix. Little Shum kep reading an old newspaper from week's end to week's end, when he was not engaged in teachin the children, or goin for the beer, or cleanin the shoes, for they kep no servant. This house in John Street was in short a reglar Pandymony.

What could have brought Mr. Frederic Altamont to dwell in such a place? The reasan is hobvious he adored the fust Miss Shum.

### Chapter II.

And suttnly he did not shew a bad taste, for though the other daughters were as ugly as their hideous ma, Mary Shum was a pretty, little, pink, modest creatur, with glossy black hair and tender blue eyes, and a neck as white as plaster of Parish. She wore a dismal old black gownd, which had grown too short for her, and too tight; but it only served to shew her pretty angles and feet, and bewchus figger. Master, though he had looked rather low for the girl of his art, had certainly looked in the right place. Never was one more pretty or more hamiable. I gav her always the buttered toast left from our brexfast, and a cup of tea or chocklate as Altamont might fancy; and the poor thing was glad enough of it, I can vouch; for they had precious short commons up stairs, and she the least of all.

For it seemed as if which of the Shum famly should try to snub the poor thing most. There was the four Bucknaster gals always at her. It was, Mary, git the coal-skittle: Mary, run down to the public house for the beer; Mary, I intend to wear your clean stockens out walking, or your new bonnet to church. Only her poor father was kind to her; andhe, poor old muff! his kindness was of no use. Mary bore all the scolding like anangel, as she was; no, not if she had a pair of wings and a goold trumpet, could she have been a greater angel.

I never shall forget one seen that took place. It was when master was in the city; and so, having nothink earthly to do, I happened to be listening on the stairs. The old scolding was a-going on, and the old tune of that hojus "Battle of Prag." Old Shum made some remark; and Miss Buckmaster cried out, "Law, pa! what a fool you are!" All the girls began laffin, and so did Mrs. Shum; all, that is, xcept Mary, who turned as red as flams, and going up to Miss Betsy Buckmaster, gave her two such wax on her great red ears, as made them tingle again.

Old Mrs. Shum screamed, and ran at her like a Bengal tiger. Her great arms went wheeling about like a vinmill, as she cuffed and thumped poor Mary for taking her pa's part. Mary Shum who was always a crying before, didn't shed a tear now. I will do it again, she said, if Betsy insults my father. New thumps, new shreex! and the old horridan went on beatin the poor girl, till she was quite exosted, and fell down on the sophy, puffin like a poppus.

"For shame, Mary," began old Shum; "for shame, you naughty gal, you, for hurting the feelins of your dear mamma, and beating kind sister."

"Why, it was because she called you a——"

"If she did, you pert Miss, said Shum, looking mighty dignified, "I could correct her and not you."

"You correct me, indeed!" said Miss Betsy, turning up her nose, if possible, higher than before; "I should like to see you crect me! Imperence!" and they all began laffin again.

By this time Mrs. S. had recovered from the effex of her exsize, and she began to pour in *her* wolly. Fust she called Mary names, then Shum. "O why," screeched she, "why did I ever leave a genteel famly, where I ad every ellygance and lucksry, to marry a creature like this! He is unfit to be called a man, he is unworthy to marry a gentlewoman; and as for that hussy, I disown her! Thank Heaven she ant a Slamcoe; she is only fit to be a Shum!"

"That's true, mamma," said all the gals, for their mother had taught them this pretty piece of manners, and they despised their father heartily; indeed, I have always remarked that, in families where the wife is internally talking about the merits of her branch, the husband is invariably a spooney.

Well, when she was exosted again, down she fell on the sofy, at her old trix—more skreeching, more convulshuns—and she wouldn't stop this time till Shum had got her half a pint of her old remedy from the Blue Lion over the way. She grew more easy as she finished the gin; but Mary was sent out of the room, and told not to come back agin all day.

"Miss Mary," says I,—for my heart yurned to the poor gal, as she came sobbing and misrable down stairs,—"Miss Mary," says I, "if I might make so bold, here's master's room empty, and I know where the cold bif and pickles is."

"O Charles!" said she, nodding her head sadly, "I'm too retched to have any happytite;" and she flung herself on a chair, and began to cry fit to bust.

At this moment who should come in but my master. I had taken hold of Miss Mary's hand, somehow, and do believe I should have kist it, when, as I said, Haltamont made his appearance.

"What's this?" cries he, lookin at me as black as thunder, or as Mr. Philips as Hickit, in the new tragedy of Mac Buff.

"It's only Miss Mary, sir," answered I.

"Get out, sir!" says he, as fierce as posbil, and I felt something (I think it was the tip of his to) touching me behind, and found myself next minnit sprawling among the wet flannings, and buckets, and things.

The people from up stairs came to see what was the matter, as I was cussin and cryin out.

"It's only Charles, ma," screamed out Miss Betsy.

"Where's Mary?" says Mrs. Shum, from the sofy.

"She's in master's room, miss," said I.

"She's in the lodger's room, ma," cries Miss Shum, heckoing me.

"Very good; tell her to stay there till he comes back." And then Miss Shum went bouncing up the stairs again, little knowing of Haltamont's return.

* * * * * * * *

I long before observed that my master had an anchoring after Mary Shum; indeed, as I have said, it was purely for her sake that he took and kep his lodgins at Pentonvill. Excep for the sake of love, which is above being mersnary, fourteen shillings a wick was a *little* too strong for two such rat-holes as he lived in. I do blieve the family had nothing else but their lodger to live on: they brekfisted off his tea-leaves, they cut away pounds and pounds of meat from his jints (he always dined at home), and his baker's bill was at least enough for six; but that wasn't my business. I saw him grin sometimes when I laid down the cold bif of a morning, to see how little was left of yesterday's sirline; but he never said a syllabub;—for true love don't mind a pound of meat or so hextra.

At first he was very kind and attentive to all the gals; Miss Betsy, in partickler, grew mighty fond of him; they sate for whole evenings playing cribbitch, he taking his pipe and glas, she her tea and muffing; but as it was improper for her to come alone, she brought one of her sisters, and this was genrally Mary,—for he made a pint of asking her, too,—and, one day, when one of the others came instead, he told her very quietly that he hadn't invited her; and Miss Buckmaster was too fond of muffings to try this game on again; besides, she was jealous of her three grown sisters, and considered Mary as only a child. Law bless us! how she used to ogle him, and quot bits of pottry, and play "Meet me by moonlike" on an old gitter;—she reglar flung herself at his head, but he wouldn't have it, been better ockypied elsewhere.

One night, as genteel as possible, he brought home tickets for Ashley's, and proposed to take the two young ladies—Miss Betsy and Miss Mary, in course. I recklet he called me aside that afternoon, and, assuming a solamon and misterus hare, "Charles," said he, "*are you up to snuff?*"

"Why, sir," said I, "I'm genraly considered tolelably downy."

"Well," says he, "I'll give you half a suffering if you can manage this bisniss for me; I've chose a rainy night on purpus. When the theatre is over you must be waitin with two umbrellows: give me one, and hold the other over Miss Shum; and, hark ye, sir, *turn to the right* when you leave the theatre, and say the coach is ordered to stand a little way up the street, in order to get rid of the crowd."

We went (in a fly hired by Mr. H.), and never shall I forgit Cartliche's hacting on that memrable night. Talk of Kimble! talk of Magreedy! Ashley's for my money, with Cartliche in the principle part. But this is nothink to the porpus. When the play was over I was at the door with the umberelloes. It was raining cats and dogs, sure enough.

Mr. Altamont came out presently, Miss Mary under his arm, and Miss Betsy followin behind, rayther sulky. "This way, sir," cries I, pushin forward; and I threw a great cloak over Miss Betsy, fit to smother her. Mr. A. and Miss Mary skipped on, and was out of sight when Miss Betsy's cloak was settled, you may be sure.

"They're only gone to the fly, miss. It's a little way up the street, away from the crowd of carriages." And off we turned *to the right*, and no mistake."

After marchin a little through the plash and mud, "Has anybody seen Cox's fly!" cries I, with the most innocent haxent in the world.

"Cox's fly," hollows out one chap. "Is it the waggin you want?" says another. "I see the blackin wan pass," giggles out another genlmn; and there was such an interchange of complimints as you never heard. I pass them over, though, because some of 'em were not very genteel.

"Law, miss," said I, "what shall I do! My master will never forgive me; and I havn't a single sixpence to pay a coach." Miss Betsy was just going to call one when I said that, but the coachman wouldn't have it at that price, he said, and I knew very well that *she* hadn't four or five shillings to pay for a wehicle. So, in the midst of that tatin rain, at midnight, we had to walk four miles, from Westminster Bridge to Pentonvill; and what was wuss, *I didn't happen to know the way.* A very nice walk it was, and no mistake.

At about half-past two we got safe to John-street. My master was at the garden gate. Miss Mary flew into Miss Betsy's arms, while master began cussin and swearin at me for disobeying his orders, and *turning to the right instead of the left!* Law bless me! his acting of anger was very near as natral and as terrybil as Mr. Cartlitch's in the play.

They had waited half an hour, he said, in the fly, in the little street at the left of the theatre; they had drove up and down in the greatest fright possible; and at last came home, thinking it was in vain to wait any more. They gave her hot rum and water and roast oysters for supper, and this consoled her a little.

I hope nobody will cast an imputation on Miss Mary for *her* share in this adventer, for she was as honest a gal as ever lived, and I do believe is hignorant to this day of our little strattygim. Besides, all's fair in love; and as my master could never get to see her alone, on account of her infernal eleven sisters and ma, he took this opportunity of expressin his attachmint to her.

If he was in love with her before, you may be sure she paid it him back agin now. Ever after the night at Ashley's, they were as tender as two tuttle doves—which fully accounts for the axdent what happened to me, in being kicked out of the room; and in course I bore no mallis.

I don't know whether Miss Betsy still fancied that my master was in love with her, but she loved muffings and tea, and kem down to his parlor as much as ever.

Now comes the sing'lar part of my history.

### Chaper III.

But who was this genlmn with a fine name—Mr. Frederic Altamont? or what was he? The most mysterus genlmn that ever I knew. Once I said to him on a very rainy day, "Sir, shall I bring the gig down to your office?" and he gave me one of his black looks, and one of his loudest hoaths, and told me to mind my own bizziniss, and attend to my orders. Another day,—it was on the day when Miss Mary slapped Miss Betsy's face,—Miss M., who adoared him, as I have said already, kep on asking him what was his burth, parentidg, and edication. "Dear Frederic," says she, "why this mystry about yourself and your hactions? why hide from your little Mary"—they were as tender as this, I can tell you—"your burth and your professin?"

I spose Mr. Frederic looked black, for I was *only* listening, and he said, in a voice agitated by a motion. "Mary," said he, "if you love me, ask me this no more; let it be sfishnt for you to know that I am a honest man, and that a secret, what it would be misery for you to larn, must hang over all my actions—that is, from ten o'clock till six."

They went on chaffin and talking in this melumcolly and misterus way, and I didn't lose a word of what they said, for them houses in Pentonwill have only walls made of pasteboard, and you hear rayther better outside the room than in. But, though he kep up his secret, he swore to her his affektion this day pint blank. Nothing should prevent him, he said, from leading her to the halter, from making her his adoarable wife. After this was a slight silence.

"Dearest Frederic," murmured out miss, speakin as if she was chokin, "I am yours—yours for ever." And then silence agen, and one or two smax, as if there was kissin goin on. Here I thought it best to give a rattle at the door-lock; for, as I live, there was old Mrs. Shum a-walkin down the stairs!

It appears that one of the younger gals, a lookin out of the bed-rum window, had seen my master come in, and coming down to tea half an hour afterwards, said so in a cussary way. Old Mrs. Shum, who was a dragon of vertyou, came bustling down the stairs, panting and frowning, as fat and as fierce as a old sow at feedin time.

"Where's the lodger, fellow?" says she to me.

I spoke loud enough to be heard down the street—"If you mean, ma'am, my master, Mr. Frederic Altamont, Esquire, he's just stept in, and is puttin on clean shoes in his bed-room."

She said nothink in answer, but flumps past me, and opening the parlor-door, sees master lookin very queer, and Miss Mary drooping down her head like a pale lily.

"Did you come into my family," says she, "to corrupt my daughters, and destroy the hinnocence of that infamous gal? Did you come here, sir, as a seducer, or only as a lodger? Speak, sir, speak!"—and she folded her arms quite fierce, and looked like Mrs. Siddums in the Tragic Mews.

"I came here, Mrs. Shum," said he "because I loved your daughter, or I never would have condescended to live in such a beggarly hole. I have treated her in every respeck like a genlmn, and she is as hinnocent now, mam, as she was when she was born. If she'll marry me, I am ready; if she'll leave you, she shall have a home where she shall be neither bullyd nor starved; no hungry frumps of sisters, no cross mother-in-law, only an affeckshnat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming."

Mary flung herself into his arms.—"Dear, dear Frederic," says she, "I'll never leave you."

"Miss," says Mrs. Shum, "you ain't a Slamcoe, nor yet a Buckmaster, thank God. You may marry this person if your pa thinks proper, and he may insult me—brave me—trample on my feelinx in my own house—and there's no-o-o-body by to defend me."

I knew what she was going to be at: on came her histarrix agen, and she began screeching and roarin like mad. Down comes, of course, the twelve gals and old Shum. There was a pretty row. "Look here, sir," said she, "at the conduck of your precious trull of a daughter—alone with this man, kissin and dandling, and Lawd knows what besides."

"What, he?" cried Miss Betsy, "he in love with Mary! O, the wretch, the monster, the deceiver!"—and she falls down too, screeching away as loud as her mamma; for the silly creatur fancied still that Altamont had a fondness for her.

"*Silence these women!*" shouts out Altamont, thundering loud. "I love your daughter, Mr. Shum. I will take her without a penny, and can afford to keep her. If you don't give her to me, she'll come of her own will. Is that enough?—may I have her?"

"We'll talk of this matter, sir," says Mr. Shum, looking as high and mighty as an alderman. "Gals, go up stairs with your dear mamma."—And they all trooped up again, and so the skrimmage ended.

You may be sure that old Shum was not very sorry to get a husband for his daughter Mary, for the old creatur loved her better than all the pack which had been brought him or born to him by Mrs. Buckmaster. But, strange to say, when he came to talk of settlements and so forth, not a word would my master answer. He said he made four hundred a-year reg'lar—he wouldn't tell how—but Mary, if she married him, must share all that he had, and ask no questions; only this he would say, as he'd said before, that he was a honest man.

They were married in a few days, and took a very genteel house at Islington; but still my master went away to business, and nobody knew where. Who could he be?

### Chapter IV.

If ever a young kipple in the middling classes began life with a chance of happiness, it was Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Altamont. Their house at Cannon Row, Islington, was as comforable as house could be. Carpited from top to to; pore's rates small; furnitur elygant; and three dromestix, of which I, in course, was one. My life wasn't so easy as in Mr. A.'s bachelor days; but what then? The

three W's is my maxum: plenty of work, plenty of wittles, and plenty of wages. Altamont kep his gig no longer, but went to the city in an omlibuster.

One would have thought, I say, that Mrs. A., with such an effecksnhnut husband, might have been as happy as her blessid majisty. Nothink of the sort. For the fust six months it was all very well; but then she grew gloomier and gloomier, though A. did every think in life to please her.

Old Shum used to come reglarly four times a wick to Cannon Row, where he lunched, and dined, and teed, and supd. The poor little man was a thought too fond of wind and spirits; and many and many's the night that I've had to support him home. And you may be sure that Miss Betsy did not now desert her sister; she was at our place mornink, noon, and night, not much to my master's liking, though he was too good natured to wex his wife in trifles.

But Betsy never had forgotten the recollection of old days, and hated Altamont like the foul friend. She put all kinds of bad things into the head of poor innocent missis; who, from being all gaiety and cheerfulness, grew to be quite melumcolly and pale, and retchid, just as if she had been the most misrable woman in the world.

In three months more a baby comes, in course, and with it old Mrs. Shum, who stuck to Mrs. side as close as a wampire, and made her retchider and retchider. She used to bust into tears when Altamont came home; she used to sigh and wheep over the pore child, and say, "My child, my child, your father is false to me;" or, "your father deceives me;" or, "what will you do when your poor mother is no more?" or such like sentimental stuff.

It all came from Mother Shum, and her old trix, as I soon found out. The fact is, when there is a mistry of this kind in the house, it's a servant's *duty* to listen; and listen I did, one day when Mrs. was cryin as usual, and fat Mrs. Shum a sittin consolin her, as she called it, though, Heaven knows, she only grew wuss for the consolation.

Well, I listened; Mrs. Shum was a rockin the baby, and missis cryin as yousual.

"Pore dear innocint," says Mrs. S., heavin a great sigh, "you're the child of a unknown father, and a misrabble mother!"

"Don't speak ill of Frederick, mamma," says missis; "he is all kindness to me."

"All kindness, indeed! yes, he gives you a fine house, and a fine gownd, and a ride in a fly whenever you please; but *where does all his money come from?* Who is he? What is he? Who knows that he mayn't be a murdrer, or a housebreaker, or a utterer of forged notes? How can he make his money honestly, when he won't say where he gets it? Why does he leave you eight hours every blessid day, and won't say where he goes to? Oh, Mary, Mary, you are the most injured of women!"

And with this Mrs. Shum began sobbin; and Miss Betty began yowling like a cat in a gitter; and pore missis cried, too—tears is so remarkable infeckshus.

"Perhaps, mamma," wimpered out she, "Frederick is in a shop, and don't like to let me know that he is not a gentleman."

"A shopboy," says Betty; "he a shop! O no, no, no! more likely a wretched willain of a murderer, stabbin and robin all day, and feedin you with the fruits of his ill-gotten games!"

More cryin and screechin here took place, in which the baby joined; and made a very pretty consort, I can tell you.

"He can't be a robber," cries missis; "he's too good, too kind for that; besides, murdering is done at night, and Frederick is always home at eight."

"But he can be a forger," says Betsy, "a wicked, wicked *forger*. Why does he go away every day! to forge notes, to be sure. Why does he go to the city? to be near the banks and places, and so do it more at his convenience.

"But he brings home a sum of money every day—about thirty shillings—sometimes fifty; and then he smiles, and says its a good day's work. This is not like a forger," said pore Mrs. A.

"I have it—I have it!" screams out Mrs. S. "The villain—the sneaking, double-faced Jonas! he's married to somebody else, he is, and that's why he leaves you, the base biggymist!"

At this, Mrs. Altamont, struck all of a heap, fainted clean away. A dreadful business it was—hystarrix; then histarrix, in course, from Mrs. Shum; bells ringin, child squalin, survants tearin up and down stairs with hot water! If ever there is a noosance in the world, it's a house where faintin is always goin on. I wouldn't live in one,—no, not to be made groom of the chambers, and git two hundred a-year.

It was eight o'clock in the evenin when this row took place; and such a row it was, that nobody but me heard master's knock. He came in, and heard the hooping, and screeching, and roaring. He seemed very much frightened at first, and said, "What is it?"

"Mrs. Shum's here," says I, "and Mrs. in astarrix."

Altamont looked as black as thunder, and growled out a word which I don't like to name,—let it suffice that it begins with a *d* and ends with a *nation;* and he tore up stairs like mad.

He bust open the bed-room door; missis lay quite pale and stony on the sofy; the babby was screechin from the craddle; Miss Betsy was sprawling over missis; and Mrs. Shum half on the bed and half on the ground; all howlin and squeelin, like so many dogs at the moond.

When A. came in, the mother and daughter stopped all of a sudding. There had been one or two tiffs before between them, and they feared him as if he had been a hogre.

"What's this infernal screeching and crying about?" says he.

"Oh, Mr. Altamont," cries the old woman, "you know too well; it's about you that this darling child is misrabble!"

"And why about me, pray, madam?"

"Why, sir, dare you ask why? Because you deceive her sir; because you are a false, cowardly traitor, sir; because *you have a wife elsewhere, sir!*" And the old lady and Miss Betsy began to roar again as loud as ever.

Altamont paused a minnit, and then flung the door wide open; nex he seized Miss Betsy as if his hand were a vice, and he world her out of the room; then up he goes to Mrs. S. "Get up," says he, thundering loud, "you lazy, trollopping, mischief-making, lying old fool! Get up, and get out of this house. You have been the cuss and bain of my happyness since you entered it. With your d—d lies, and novvle reading, and histerrix, you have perwerted Mary, and made her almost as mad as yourself." "My child! my child!" shriex out Mrs. Shum, and clings round missis. But Altamont ran between them, and gripin the old lady by her arm dragged her to the door. "Follow your daughter, ma'am," says he, and down she went. "*Chawls, see those ladies to the door*," he hollows out, "and never let them pass it again." We walked down together, and off they went; and master locked and double-locked the bed-room door after him, intendin, of course, to have a *tator tator* (as they say) with his wife. You may be sure that I followed up stairs again pretty quick, to hear the result of their confidence.

As they say at Saint Stevenses, it was rayther a stormy debate. "Mary," says master, "you're no longer the merry, grateful girl, I knew and loved at Pentonwill; there's some secret a pressin on you—there's no smilin welcom for me now, as there used formly to be! Your mother and sister-in-law have perwerted you, Mary; and that's why I've drove them from this house, which they shall not re-enter in my life."

"O, Frederic! it's *you* is the cause, and not I. Why do you have any mistry from me? Where do you spend your days? Why did you leave me, even on the day of your marriage, and continue to do so every day?"

"Because," says he, "I makes my livelihood by it. I leave you, and I don't tell you *how* I make it: for it would make you none the happier to know."

It was in this way the convysation ren on—more tears and questions on my missiseses part, more sturmness and silence on my master's: it ended for the first time since their marridge, in a reglar quarrel. Wery difrent, I can tell you, from all the hammerous billing and kewing which had proceeded their nupshums.

Master went out, slamming the door in a fury; as well he might. Says he, "If I can't have a comfortable life, I can have a jolly one;" and so he went off to the hed tavern, and came home that evening beesly intawsicated. When high words begin in a family, drink genrally follows on the genlman's side; and then, fearwell to all conjubial happyniss! These two pipple, so fond and loving, were now sirly, silent, and full of il wil. Master went out earlier, and came home later; missis cried more, and looked even paler than before.

Well, things went on in this uncomfortable way, master still in the mopes, missis tempted by the demons of jellosy and curiosity; until a slight axident brought to light all the goings on of Mr. Altamont.

It was the tenth of Jennuary; I recklect the day, for old Shum gev me half-a-crownd (the fust and last of his money I ever see, by the way); he was dining along with master, and they were making merry together.

Master said, as he was mixing his fifth tumbler of punch, and little Shum his twelfth, or so—master said, "I see you twice in the City to-day, Mr. Shum."

"Well, that's curious!" says Shum. "I *was* in the City. To-day's the day when the divvydins (God bless 'em!) is paid; and me and Mrs. S. went for our half-year's inkem. But we only got out of the coach, crossed the street to the Bank, took our money, and got in agen. How could you see me twice!"

Altamont stuttered, and stammered, and hemd, and hawd. "O!" says he, "I was passing—passing as you went in and out." And he instantly turned the conversation, and began talking about pollytix, or the weather, or some such stuf.

"Yes, my dear," said my misses; but how could you see papa *twice?*" Master didn't answer, but talked pollytix more than ever. Still she would continy on. "Where was you, my dear, when you saw pa? What were you doing, my love, to see pa twice!" and so forth. Master looked angrier and angrier, and his wife only pressed him wuss and wuss.

This was, as I said, little Sam's twelfth tumler; and I knew pritty well that he could git very little further; for, as regular as the thirteenth came, Shum was drunk. The thirteenth did come, and its consquinzies. I was obliged to leed him home to John Street, where I left him, in the hangry arms of Mrs. Shum.

"How the d—," sayd he all the way, "how the ddd—the deddy—deddy—devil—could he have seen me *twice?*"

### Chapter V.

It was a sad slip on Altamont's part, for no sooner did he go out the next morning than missis went out too. She tor down the street, and never stopped till she came to her pa's house at Pentonwille. She was closited for an hour with her ma, and when she left her she drove straight to the City. She walked before the Bank, and behind the Bank, and round the bank: she came home disperryted, having learned nothink.

And it was now an extrornary thing, that from Shum's house, for the nex ten days, there was nothink but expyditions into the City. Mrs. S., tho her dropsicle legs had never carried her half so fur, was eternally on the *key vere*, as the French say. If she didn't go, Miss Betsy did, or missis did: they seemed to have an attrackshun to the Bank, and went there as natral as an omlibus.

At last, one day, old Mrs. Shum comes to our house—(she wasn't admitted when master was there, but came still in his absints)—and she wore a hair of triumf as she entered.

"Mary," says she, "where is the money your husband brought to you yesterday?" My master used always to give it to missis when he returned.

"The money, ma!" says Mary. "Why, here!" And, pulling out her puss, she shewed a sovrin, a good heap of silver, and an odd-looking little coin.

"That it! that it!" cried Mrs. S. "A Queen Anne's sixpence, isn't it, dear—dated seventeen hundred and three?"

It was so, sure enough: a Queen Ans sixpence of that very date.

"Now, my love," says she, "I have found him! Come with me to morrow, and you shall KNOW ALL!"

And now comes the end of my story.

* * * * * *

The ladies next morning set out for the City, and I walked behind, doing the genteel thing, with a nosegay and a goold stick. We walked down the New Road—we walked down the City Road—walked to the Bank. We were crosing from that heddyfiz to the other side of Cornhill, when, all of a sudden, misses shrieked, and fainted spontaceously away.

I rushed forrard, and raised her to my arms; spiling thereby a new weskit, and a pair of crimson smallcloes. I rushed forrard, I say, wery nearly knocking down the old sweeper, who was hobling away as fast as possibil. We took her to Birch's; we provided her with a hackney-coach and every lucksury, and carried her home to Islington.

* * * * * *

That night master never came home. Nor the nex night, nor the nex. On the fourth day, an octioneer arrived; he took an infantry of the furnitur, and placed a bill in the window.

At the end of the week, Altamont made his appearance. He was haggard, and pale; not so haggard, however, not so pale, as his misrable wife.

He looked at her very tendrilly. I may say, it's from him that I copped *my* look to Miss ——. He looked at her very tendrilly, and held out his arms. She gev a suffycating shreek, and rusht into his umbraces.

"Mary," says he, "you know all now. I have sold my place; I have got three thousand pounds for it, and saved two more. I've sold my house and furnitur, and that brings me another. We'll go abroad, and love each other, has formly."

* * * * * *

And now you ask me who he was? I shudder to relate.—Mr. Haltamont SWEP THE CROSSIN FROM THE BANK TO CORNHILL!!

Of cors, *I* left his servis. I met him, few years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respectid, and pass for pipple of property. C. Y.

## Salmagundi.

"*Those Whiskers*," so universally admired by the world, and the editor of the Norfolk Advertiser, have fallen victims to Kitchen's razors. "Take 'em all in all, we ne'er shall look upon their like again." Boston Morning Post.

In Baltimore there are no omnibuses—they say that they intend to have some soon, though. Ib.

The Baltimore Sun calls Lowell "a flourishing *little* town." What will the 20,000 folks up there say to this? Ib.

There was pretty good sleighing in Butler Co., Pennsylvania, on the 26th of May, *for a short time*. Snow fell to the depth of eight or ten inches. Ib.

The Baltimore papers say that the Bostonians are obliged by law to drink *fifty* gallons of spirits in their julips at a time. This is a mistake—*fifteen* gallons is the quantity. Ib.

Lord Byron recommended soda water and biscuits as the best summer diet.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPERTINENCE.—Telling a man to keep *cool* when the thermometer stands at 94.

The following highly important question is now before the New Orleans Debating Society:—"When John Rodgers was burnt at Smithfield, how many children accompanied his wife to witness the melancholy spectacle—were there nine or ten?"

Theodore S. Fay, Esq., American Secretary of Legation at Berlin, has completed his new novel of "Andre"—the subject being the unfortunate officer of that name, hung as a spy in the revolutionary war.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man."

JIMMY MALON, THE UNDERTAKER.—Jimmy having opened a new and splendid establishment, and having been in the full tide of experiment, is inclined to be humorous upon a "grave subject," which has given offence to not a few individuals in Gotham. He says—

"I would advise the reader to be serious, for at a single glance it will be perceived that this is a grave subject, and indeed if the subscriber once puts the screws on to you, your laughing days are over."

Jimmy talks bravely, but hear him discourse upon the very comfort of a coffin:—"This is the only establishment in the city where the brave, the stout, and the hardy son of the Emerald Isle, who have no occasion to cross their suspenders in order to keep them on their shoulders, will find coffins two feet wide to suit them, and the Dutch, the Scotch, and the English will find their's equally agreeable to them."

Then Jimmy has an eye to "bribery and corruption," the cant terms of the day. We think his postscript makes him out a "most villanous compound:"—

"P.S. A handsome bonus will be paid for all favors and hints as will serve the wise, it is to be expected that all steam dealers, coroners, and their pigeons, and all those who try to live by the dead, will take the hint."

We should shun Jimmy's right paw as we would a rattlesnake. But through his ready wit and good humor he has made money, and though his game is with the dead, he maketh merry with the living. Boston Morning Post.

CONVERSATIONS WITH TOM AT HIS REFECTORY.—Tom—I generally take off their heads myself, and do not leave it to the cook. A turtle that weighs 170 is very reluctant to have his head taken off—he feels hurt at the idea—and sometimes makes a muss about it.

Qu.—Does he *rare up* when you suggest to him that soup is called for by O. F. M. (our first men,) and he is "wanted?"

Tom—He shows a little of the "*ho mericum rarum.*" But it's awfu' hard work to get his head off, for his skin is as tough as the hide of a thinoceros, and there is a great deal of rough cutting before you get through such a neck as that. My arms ached to the elbow.

Qu.—I presume he is not entirely motionless all this time?

Tom—Kicks like Sancho. One would suppose now, to see him lie so dead on his back, that he wouldn't lift a flipper to escape from the soup-kettle; but when you come to make him a head shorter, he dances so sprightly that it takes all hands here to keep him in any kind of order.

Qu.—How long does the head live after it is taken off?

Tom.—Sometimes until the body has been made into soup, and the soup eaten up. Some people say if a turtle's head was thrown overboard as soon as it was cut off, a new body would grow on, shell and all.

Qu.—Very likely. Devilish good idea. But to return to the soup—you seem to have a great rush?

Tom—Yes; I never saw the spoon move so rapidly as within the last two days. They bite sharp at the green fat—always do. Great swallowers, sir, great swallowers.

Qu.—Do you suppose a turtle has any kind of notion what fine soup he makes?

Tom—Can't say.—(*With a mysterious smile.*)

Qu.—Wait a moment—let me write that down.—"Doesn't know whether they ever think on the matter." Well, that will do. I see you are busy.—(They'll scoop all this soup.") "Tom, here's your health." Take care of yourself. I wish you a good morning.

Such is the character of his colloquial powers. Several of our charming conversations have escaped from my memory—of others I have copious notes which will enable me to present them to the reader *a la* Boswell very soon. Qu. Boston Post.

A PISCATORIAL COMPLIMENT TO HER MAJESTY.—Among the various demonstrations of respect paid to the birth-day of her Majesty, was one at Grove's fish-shop, where the letters composing the name of Victoria were exhibited in the shop front by red mullets, and the Order of the Garter in smelts. A stupendous codfish and a cock salmon, for the first time, undertook the parts of the lion and the unicorn. Many of Mr. Grove's customers were subsequently horrified at finding they had been devouring "Victoria" and the Star of the Order of the Garter. The lion and unicorn were found excellent with appropriate sauce.

A THEATRICAL ANECDOTE OF BY-GONE YEARS.—There never were two women more opposite in their nature than the two syrens lately married—Vestris and Stevens! The one—"the early victim of circumstance"—ever fascinating, passion in every glance—all fire—like a splendid curry from the artistical hand of Ude; the other—all sweetness, lovely to the eye and ear, but cold as one of Vercy's iced creams. These ladies first met professionally, as "The Merry Wives of Windsor," when Shakspeare's admirable comedy was metamorphosed into an opera, some years since at Drury Lane. They then became rivals in musical fame, and of course hated each other most cordially (*C'est toujours la mode dans les Caulisses.*) The ever charming "Iced Cream" had one evening in the green room, talked in rather a pointed way at the fascinating and splendid "Curry."

"I am proud to think," said Icy, "that I have never been placed in a situation where my future happiness could have been marred by any wild escape of wilful passion."

"I believe you," sighed the Curry, as she fixed her eagle eye upon the calth and innocent face of her operatic rival (it was a look "more in sorrow than in anger.") "But my dear Miss S., you may thank *nature*, not *yourself*." And then with a pathos of which nobody thought her capable, she continued—

But is the laurel to the soldier due,
Who, cautious, comes not into danger's view?
What worth has virtue by *desire untried*,
Where *nature's self* enlists on duty's side?

At this moment the call-boy entered the green room, and summoned the fair vocalists to immediate duty on the stage. London Sunday Times.

COL. BOWIE'S DAUGHTERS.—Col. Bowie, who invented the wonderful knife which bears his name, has, it is said, two beautiful and highly accomplished daughters, who can bring down the deer in his swiftest flight, and hit the boss of the target at every shot—possessing that combination of Spartan energy and courage, with the excellencies of modern refinement, which forms the perfect woman. Poston Post.

NUPTIAL EPIGRAM.—The following epigram is really smart, terse, and to the point:—

*On the marriage of Charles Headache and Mary Workman.*

Nay, smile not, simper not ye fair,
For mocking's catching—so beware,
In time take warning—
Not the first *Workman's* she, sweet sylph!
Who went well pleased to rest, poor elf!
And with a *Headache* found herself
In bed next morning.

KEEN RETORT.—Miss Martineau, in her late work, has a chapter therein on "originals." In her peregrinations she stopped some time at Brattleboro', Vt. During her stay there her female companion was taken ill, and the village doctor was called. She found him a fine specimen in the class of originals. With all her ingenuity in varying her questions, she could not ascertain from the doctor the nature of the disease which afflicted her friend. All his answers were evasive. The physician alluded to is Dr. Gilbert, who has since published a reply, in which he says:—"It's true I didn't tell her, although she almost pestered my life out to be informed. I bore it all, and equivocated and evaded, and all from motives of delicacy, to spare the woman's feelings. If she has been so very much concerned to know, and is yet in the dark, I will enlighten her darkness. Her friend was in the *first stages of delirium tremens!*" Hampshire Gazette.

*Come and Gone.*—The youthful Prince de Joinville—son of the Frenchmen's King—came passenger from Providence yesterday in the morning cars. He is a disciple of De Tocqueville. On arriving at the depot, he took his luggage in his hand, and walked across the common to the Tremont. Quite a sensible youngster, in our opinion, after all. He is evidently averse to everything like parade and ostentation. His dress is tolerable. He sports a tender *moustache*, (first crop, we reckon,) just sprouting forth on his upper lip—but hasn't been able to raise any whiskers yet. On the whole, he's "a pretty smart fellow," and is not to be sneezed at by the pug-nosed gentry. In our humble opinion he laughs most heartily in his sleeve at the folly of those who try to make so much fuss and fulsome parade about his comings and goings. He returned to Newport last night, where he forthwith embark for home—bearing his compliments to his *Pa*, and the rest of the Royal Family. The note he sent us, apologizing for not coming *directly* to our house on his arrival, is a very pleasant little affair. We may publish it, hereafter. Boston Morning Post.

*Stage Travelling in Illinois!*—At the stage houses were these fearful inscriptions placarded on the walls: "No Michigan money received here for stage fare!" Scarce a farmer in the State but had his pockets burnt more or less by bills of the unchartered banks of the State of Michigan, a great majority of which, it is the general opinion, will never be worth one fraction to the bill holders. The unhappy exposé by the Bank Commissioners of the glass and nails composing their specie put the "grand finale" to their credit, and even the bills of the old chartered banks could not be bought in towns on the Illinois river for 25 cents on a dollar. The three degrees of that money are as follows: 1st. Banks of the city of Detroit, called "Red Dog." 2d. Chartered banks in the country, "Wild Cat." 3d. Banks instituted under the new general banking law, "Catamount." The stage stopped on the road to take in a passenger who handed Jehu a bill, which was instantly returned accompanied by the phrase, "Don't take *Red Dog?*" "No!" ejaculated the other. "Why, that are kind o' money, they tell me, is jest as good as the specie and lighter to carry." "It may be *lighter to carry!* What other money've you got?" "Nothing but *Wild Cat* and *Catamount*. O! Here's two bills that rank next to old gold—the 'Bank of Cold Water,' and the 'Bank of Sandstone.'" "Shan't take 'em—they're *Catamount!*" "Then I'll *foot it*. I took all this for good money, and it's *got to go!* You may drive on, Abomilique—sorry you don't know your interest!" We now ascended a rolling piece of ground, our team proceeding leisurely along to balance the trouble of hauling through a swampy lot, when we were hailed by a "ginewine Illinois Sucker" who wished a passage to Chicago. "I can pay you," said he to our coachman, "in money that *is* money, and no shave about it. Now here's so'thing that's as skeerce as woods hereabout; (reads) the 'Bank of Lapeer'—private property holden—security on real estate to three times the amount—besides forty water-lots——" Driver: "In *Lake Michigan?*" Sucker: "Darn it, no—I take it to be *mill streams!* Their specie *ain't glass* and *nails* I'll bet a hog! This here money is kalkilated for tew *lay by!* No *tucking off* this description of currency for *goods* now-a-days—*I paid a premium for 't!* But as I ain't got no other kind I'll let it go at *par*—though it rubs agin the grain!" Driver: (drily) "Lapeer is down!" Sucker: "*You don't!* Why I meant to *deposite* in that bank—you see these malicious rumors get afloat without any bottom—now I hain't no doubt that they have more specie than bills, and I'm confident they don't *owe* nothin'. Here's a V, and I'll take the change in *large* silver; they don't stand eight ten cent pieces for a dollar in Buffalo—it takes two cents and a half more to make a shilling there—*half dollars* are about as convenient as any thing." Driver: (whipping up the team) "Ah, you needn't trouble yourself about getting on to the stage—we're *rayther* full, and Tim Snapper ain't to be taken in by *Wild-cat!*"
Extract from a letter in the Boston Transcript.

The story about Lady Charlotte Bury's having sent her printer a message, upbraiding him for withholding from her the "proofs of Love," having gone the rounds, the N. Y. Commercial undertakes to relate a joke equal to it, and very happily succeeds. The latter story is about a piece of music—"One kind kiss before we part"—for which a lady inquired at a music store in Philadelpha. The music had not been received in Philadelphia when the inquiry was made, nor had the clerk heard of it. The lady, too, had made her purchases, and was retiring, when suddenly turning round, she said, "Oh, I forgot—'One kind kiss before we part.'" No sooner said than done. The handsome looking clerk sprang over the counter, and before the lady could explain, he had imparted a kiss to her sweet lips with a smack that might have been heard much farther than it was.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—It is a remarkable fact, that Mrs. Tighe (the lamentable authoress of Psyche), Mrs. Hemans (whose name will be ever dear to the lovers of English poetry), and Mrs. Norton, were all unhappy in marriage. Mrs. T. is generally believed to have died of a broken heart. Of the precise cause of Mrs. H.'s alienation from her husband we have no record, although enough has been hinted in an obscure way to make us conjecture that event to have been the well-spring of the deep melancholy which pervades her writings, and to show that the iron had entered her soul. Mrs. Norton is now residing with her uncle, Mr. Charles Sheridan, son of the great Sheridan, her husband having resolved never to permit her to behold her children unless she return to his house.

HARD NAMES.—Among the letters published as remaining in the post-office, Philadelphia, the name of *Bullhead Frogbelly* is said to grace the list. Names must have been scarce when Mr. Frogbelly was christened. Vicksburg Register.

A QUEEN BY PROXY.—The following is an extract from a London letter in the United States Gazette:—"Speaking of the Queen, it appears that Mr. Sully has had his sixth and last sitting. It does *not* appear—what, however, is notorious here—that the daughter of that accomplished artist has very lately had the chance of an interview with her Majesty. The fact is, that Mr. S. wished her to sit one day with the royal garb on—to save the Queen the trouble—and he asked consent, which was given. When things were in this position, the Queen sent to know if Miss S. *would like to see her;* and came in. The scene that ensued may be imagined. Bear in mind the young American lady is in the Queen's dress and seat. The latter looked up at her in the 'most amusing funny' way, according to all accounts, and behaved altogether to a charm, as of course did our fair countrywoman, as well, though possibly taken a little by surprise. Victoria is a good-hearted girl, past all doubt, and she rather likes the Americans, I think."

Mr. Liston has just completed his 61st year, and is residing in comparative retirement at his pretty villa near Penn, Bucks This inimitable performer's only son is senior lieutenant of the 8th, or King's Own Regiment of Foot, and is about to proceed with the depot companies of his regiment from Cork to Guernsey.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1838.

### BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN, N. J.

The Trotting over this course on Monday and Wednesday last was good, notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the weather. The particulars of the report annexed are derived from the notes of one of our most accurate correspondents :—

MONDAY, July 2, 1838—Sweepstakes in Wagons. Three subs. at $50 each. Mile heats.

| | |
|---|---|
| J. Harrison's ro. g. *Sam Weller* | 1 1 |
| Mr. Oakley's b. g. *Locust* | 2 2 |
| A. Onderdonk's gr. g. *Rhinoceros* | 3 3 |

Time, 3:01—2:59.

Mr. Pickwick's immortal tiger, Sam Weller, took the lead at the start, and maintained it throughout in both heats, winning the last by about 75 yards.

WEDNESDAY, July 4—Purse $100, Two mile heats under the Saddle.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| H. Van De Water's b. g. *Rattler* | Peter Wheelan. | 2 1 1 |
| David Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk* | Owner | 1 2 dist. |

Time, 5:29—5:17—5:40.

After several false starts they got off together; the grey phenomenon soon went forward and cut out the work, Rattler having broke up. Indeed Peter could hardly restrain him the 1st heat or keep him on his feet, so that "the grey mare proved the better horse." On the 2d heat Rattler broke up on the 1st quarter, but recovering his stride, soon after made desperate play. The struggle throughout the 2d mile was very severe, the two being neck and neck, and doing all they knew. On the last turn Lady Suffolk came in front, but Peter's motto being "*nil desperandum*," he caught his horse by the head, and dashing in the spurs up to the rowel heads, finally brought Rattler home a winner by *eight inches*, after passing and being passed several times up the straight run to the stand. It was so near a thing between the horses that the rider who could display the most coolness and sagacity, was sure to do the trick. Notwithstanding the thermometer stood at 92 in the shade, Peter was cool as a Cape Cod deacon carrying around a contribution-box, and the way he won the heat out of the fire was a caution to seven Crocketts! Hiram Woodruff was now put upon the grey mare, who unfortunately broke at the start, and Rattler made a gap of nearly 70 yards. On entering the 2d mile, finding the thing was out and the child christened, Hiram took the mare up, and allowed Rattler to come home at his ease, after one of the prettiest trotting exhibitions of the season.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $300, Two mile heats in Harness.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wm. W. Janeway's gr. g. *Washington* | Wm. Wheelan. | 1 1 |
| Hiram Woodruff's b. g. *Dutchman* | Owner | 3 2 |
| Wm. E. Denniss' b. m. *Greenwich Maid* | Owner | 2 3 |

Time, 5:22—5:17.

After several false starts, the three got away nearly abreast; Washington took the lead soon after, and was never headed. The second heat was an out and outer, between "old Wash" and Greenwich Maid; had neither broke up, it is very doubtful which would have toted off the pewter. All three came in well punished, Washington 1st, Dutchman 2d, by good luck, and the "Saucy Maid" 3d and well up.

SAME DAY—Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft. Three mile heats in Harness.—Henry Severance's s. g. *Oneida Chief* (pacer) received forfeit from Anderson & Spicer's b. g. *Awful* (trotter), the latter having been disabled by an accident.

### QUEBEC AUTUMN RACES, 1838.

Owners of blood stock on both sides of the St. Lawrence will be glad to see by the following article from the "Quebec Gazette," that his Excellency Lord Durham is fully impressed with the importance of lending the countenance of Government to the support of the Turf, while it will be not the less gratifying to remark the interest manifested by the distinguished officers of Her Majesty now in Canada in fostering the *National Sport* of the most enlightened people on the globe. It is pleasant to see such enthusiasm displayed in a distant province in contributing to a source of manly amusement and national wealth which has materially assisted in placing Old England far in advance of the nations of Europe, and in which every breeder and turfman in the Union is so nearly interested.

At a Meeting of the Officers of the Staff and Garrison, and Gentlemen interested in the Quebec Races, held this day, June 23d, at Payne's Hotel,

Colonel the Hon. C. Gore, K. H. in the Chair. J. C. Fisher, Esq. was requested to act as Secretary.

Capt. Villiers, A. D. C., on the part of the Governor General, stated that his Excellency intended to give a Cup, value £100, to be run for by all horses *bonâ fide* the property of her Majesty's subjects, residing in the Canadas, and in their possession for one calendar month previous to the Races. Ten dollars entrance. One Mile—once round the Course and a distance. Gentlemen Riders. Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards, and the weights declared fourteen days previous to the Races, viz. 17th August next. To close and name on the 3d of August. Ten horses to start, or no race. Winner to be sold for one hundred sovereigns.

Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of the Meeting are eminently due to his Excellency, the Governor General, for the above magnificent gift of a Cup, value £100, to these Races.

Resolved That the Quebec Races be fixed for Monday the 3d and Tuesday the 4th September ensuing.

Resolved, That the following be the order of the Races, particulars to be given hereafter :—

*First day, Monday, 3d September.*

1. Her Majesty's Plate, as before, at Three Rivers.
2. The Ladies' Purse, Gentlemen Riders.
3. Trial Stakes, as before.
4. Scurry Stakes, one third of a Mile. Catch weights. Gentlemen Riders. Winner to be sold for £40. Five Dollars entrance.

*Second day, 4th September.*

1. Hurdle Race, G. R. Two Miles.
2. His Excellency's Cup, as above. G. R.
3. Quebec Stakes, as usual.
4. Garrison Plate, G. R. Once round the course and a distance.
5. Beaten Plate.

Resolved, That the following Gentlemen be requested to act as Stewards :—

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|---|---|
| Captain Lord Clarence Paget, R.N. | Hon. G. Pemberton. |
| Colonel Hon. C. Gore, K.H. | G. H. Ryland, Esq. |
| Colonel Greenwood, G.G. | W. K. McCord, Esq. |
| Hon. Capt. Boyle, Coldstream Guards. | C. Delery, Esq. |
| Hon. Captain Villiers, A.D.C. | J. C. Fisher, Esq. Secretary. |
| Captain Tylden, R.A. | |

### COLT'S REPEATING FIRE-ARMS.

Very few mechanical improvements withhin the last few years, have excited a greater degree of interest than the patent Fire-arms of Mr. Colt, and still fewer are there, likely to be productive of results so important. As some history of the original invention, and the progressive improvement made upon it, will be new to many of our readers, and interesting to all, we have no hesitancy in devoting to it all the space at our command. The annexed extract is from a communication in the "Journal of the American Institute :"—

The thought of the repeating arms originated with a citizen of Connecticut, Samuel Colt; at the time of its first dawning upon him, a mere boy; for even now, he is not over four-and-twenty. Dr. Johnson says, "genius is the accidental direction of all the faculties of the mind to one point;" and it has also been observed, that "genius is a great aptitude to patience." We shall see presently, how both these definitions have been realised in the history of Mr. Colt and his invention.

Mr. Colt happened to be near the scene of a sanguinary insurrection of negro slaves, in the southern district of Virginia. He was startled to think against what fearful odds the white planter must ever contend, thus surrounded by a swarming population of slaves. What defence could there be in one shot, when opposed to multitudes, even though multitudes of the unarmed! The master and his family were certain to be massacred. Was there no way, thought Mr Colt, of enabling the planter to repose in peace! no longer to feel that to be attacked, was to be at once and inevitably destroyed! that no resistance could avail, were the negroes once spirited up to revolt! As yet he knew little of mechanics; in firearms, he was aware of nothing more efficient than the ordinary double barrelled pistol and fowling-piece. But even loading and re-loading these, involved a most perilous loss of time. Could no mode be hit upon of obviating the danger of such delay?

The boy's ingenuity was from that moment on the alert. He felt sure that this great object could in some way be gained, but in what way? He thought he himself might gain it, but he knew he should be laughed at as presumptuous and visionary, were he to whisper his hopes. He meditated in secret; and after repeated trials, he effected a movement of six distinct barrels on an arbor running through their centre, in such a manner that by every operation of cocking the lock, a loaded barrel would be brought to a line with the hammer, and there held firmly until discharged.

Here was a most exciting triumph. Young Colt, at the first experiment, imagined he had reached the goal. But presently he found that the weapon was complex, and would be cumbersome. He was determined not to make the scheme known, until he could bring it into a form more simple, and more manageable. Plan upon plan hurried his fancy onward, until it was wearied with the rapid variety of its own conceptions. But the delight of invention, so fascinating to the projector, at length gave way to the soberness of calculation. Mr. Colt saw numberless and startling instances in which the genius for mechanical improvements had become the ruin of its possessor. He determined no longer to give way to his own day-dreams, by which he had been already so fruitlessly beguiled. He would not even permit himself to hear a new invention of any description spoken of.

While in this state of mind, he had occasion to travel through a part of the country in which the protection of firearms was indispensable. He had no weapon but his own six barrel pistol. On one occasion this did him such valuable service, that his mind again involuntarily reverted to its earliest ambition. He suddenly asked himself, "Why may there not as well be only one barrel and one lock, and between them a rotary receiver for the charges! Could this point be gained, the weapon would be compact and light enough. It would be scarcely heavier than an ordinary single one. Then would there remain nothing to be desired."

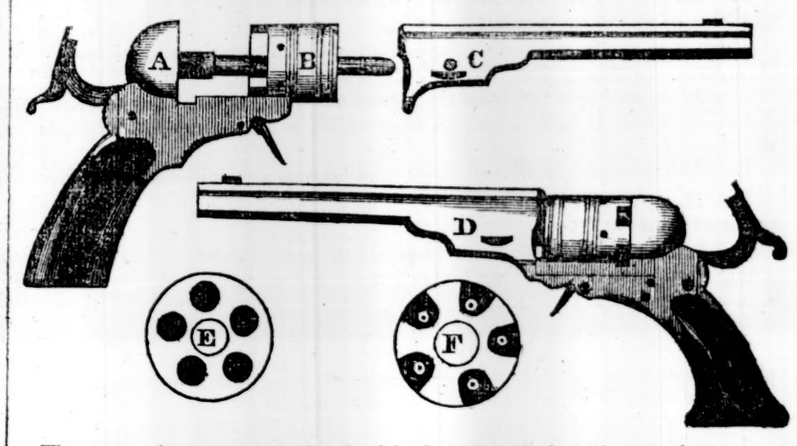
He plodded on unremittingly till he effected his object. No person was intrusted with his secret. His first rude efforts, especially at the time when he had intended to abandon the undertaking, had leaked out; and other persons had wrought upon the hint, and with feeble and unavailable imitations, had puffed themselves into notice. But Mr. Colt felt satisfied that the imperfectness of the copy would prevent its doing him any ultimate injury; and he was resolved to profit by experience, and keep his final improvements to himself, until his right to the entire discovery should be secured to him by patent abroad, as well as at home. He did not even disclose his patent to his own father, till he had laid his plan to depart. He went to Europe. He became favorably known at all the patent offices, and placed his interest beyond dispute, under the protection of the laws of the various countries which he visited.

When Mr. Colt was in Paris, and proceeding with reference to the impression that Europe was the most desirable field for profit to the inventor, the clouds arose which threatened to burst in a storm of war between France and our United States. His views changed instantly. At such a crisis, he would not give the advantage of his enviable facilities to his country's foe. He determined to waive all considerations of private interest, for the public good of his beloved native land, and forthwith returned for the purpose of offering his discovery at Washington, to sustain our side in the expected conflict. But he had scarcely arrived there, when the news of the mediation of England for the adjustment of the difficulties, met him; and his patriotic ambition to serve his country, was foiled before he had a chance of even disclosing it.

Aware of the difficulty of bringing our government to entertain the idea of any change in the implements of warfare, unless spurred on by the necessities of actual service, Mr. Colt resolved to look exclusively to the spirit of private enterprise for giving efficacy to his invention. He obtained a charter from the legislature of New Jersey, for a Patent Arms Manufacturing Company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars. The stock has been taken by several of our wealthiest citizens. An armory is already built at Paterson, N. J. When all its arrangements are complete, this armory will employ five hundred artisans. Upwards of one hundred are now constantly at work there, not only during the entire day, but even through a portion of the night.

At the recent fair of the American Institute, specimens of these ingenious weapons were exhibited in public for the first time. They attracted universal admiration. A committee of learned and practical mechanics pronounced upon their merits. After the most rigid scrutiny, they were accorded the highest and unqualified praise. The inventor was elected a member of the Institute. He was also presented with the greatest distinction in the power of the Institute to bestow—a golden medal.

To give our readers a better understanding of the principle upon which these Firearms are constructed, the following diagram is submitted of a Pistol, which is manufactured, and acts upon the same principle as the Rifle, with this exception, that the Cock of the Rifle acts horizontally, and is concealed beneath the Sight :—




The *upper plate* represents the pistol in three detached portions as thus :—

*A*—the Stock, including the Hammer or Cock, and the Cylinder on which the Receiver B revolves, and to which the Barrel C is fastened.

*B*—the Receiver or Chamber, prepared for five charges.

*C*—the Barrel, which is fastened to the Cylinder, on which the Receiver revolves; to the left of the letter C is the wedge, which fastens the Barrel to the Cylinder.

The *lower plate*, D, presents the Pistol complete, cocked ready for firing. When discharged, the trigger, by a spring, may be closed into the Stock; the act of cocking throws the Trigger out, and turns the Receiver one charge each time.

*E* represents the inverted end of the Receiver, adjoining the Barrel. The five black dots denote the Chambers for charges, and the white ring (enclosing the letter E) the hole or aperture through which the Cylinder runs.

*F* represents the inverted end of the Receiver, next the Hammer, the small white dots denoting the Cones on which the percussion Caps are placed.

The length of the Rifle barrel is 32 inches—the standard length adopted by the British Government, after repeated experiments and long experience. The longest Pistol barrels are six inches, the shortest four. The Rifle weighs from 10 to 11½ lbs. according to the size of the ball; they are generally made to carry 80 to the pound, the Receivers containing eight charges. The Pistol Receivers contain five charges. They carry from 120 to 144 balls to the pound, and a lot of Rifles will be ready in a few days, carrying from 50 to 80 to the pound. They are made to order, and stocked or mounted to any pattern.

Each rifle and pistol is accompanied with an extra Receiver. The equipments consisting of Charger, Bullet-moulds, Cap-primer, Cleaning-rod, Lever, Belt, etc., are put up in handsome mahogany cases. Among the advantages these rifles possess over all others is the readiness with which they are loaded. and the small number of "*traps*" required in a day's shooting. The two Receivers contain 16 charges, and the Charger itself 48 more. The Charger—a handsome copper tube, elegantly mounted—contains two apartments—for powder and ball. The eight Receivers are filled with powder at one time, by turning a spring, as in ordinary cases; the Charger is then inverted, and the eight balls put in; then with an ingeniously contrived Lever, four inches long, you pry down the charge. A single wedge fastens on the barrel, and the Rifle is ready for firing, no wadding whatever being required. Not half the time is required to place eight charges in the Receiver that is occupied in loading the ordinary rifle. The Charger, Cap-primer, and Lever weigh about a pound and a half; the two last may be carried in a vest pocket; the Charger is suspended from the shoulder, and is not more than half as large as the powder flasks in general use.

Both the Rifles and Pistols are finished in the most exquisite style, with black walnut stocks, and blue steel mountings. The "*Patent Arms Manufacturing Company*" have their establishment at Paterson, N. J., in complete operation, and are enabled to fill with dispatch any order, however extensive. Their machinery is not surpassed by any similar establishment in the Union, and the remarkable state of perfection to which they have brought every article manufactured at their factory is creditable in the highest degree to American ingenuity and enterprize. The price of the Rifles, with equipments complete, and cased, is $100—the Pistols from $40 to $50. The Company have recently established a Depot for the sale of their Fire arms at 155 Broadway, immediately beneath this office, under the direction of Dr. C. B. Zabriskie, and we have no hesitation in apprising our readers, that orders directed to him will be promptly attended to, and every endeavor made to give perfect satisfaction. By the by, should "any dear friend of Cæsar's" desire a rifle or pistol manufactured to suit any particular fancy of his own, if he will confide the order to us, we will take care to see it fulfilled "according to Gunter," and forwarded.

We have before us some targets made with Mr. Colt's Rifle and Pistol, to which, one of these days, we will invite attention. We say "one of these days," for we intend shortly to make *a few* "on our own hook." We are practising *nail driving* at this present writing, but trust to do something better anon. When we can trim a gentleman's whiskers at 30 paces, or snuff a candle at 40 with a pistol, we shall "begin to talk."

A quantity of these Rifles, purchased by Gen. Jessup, are now in use by the corps of Dragoons in Florida, under the immediate command of Col. Harney. The report of the Officers appointed to test them is now before us, and presents undoubted evidence of their infinite superiority over all others. To the various experiments made with them at Washington, West Point, and other places, we may refer hereafter; we can find room only for the following, made at Castle Garden, in this city, on the 4th of January last, in presence of a Committee of the American Institute, and a large number of gentlemen and amateurs, who were invited to witness the exhibition.

The first firing was at a target across the garden, a distance of about 60 yards; the object being to test the accuracy of the piece. Several gentlemen fired in succession, but only a few of the shots proved to be excellent. The place, and other circumstances, were deemed unfavorable to a satisfactory trial in that particular.

The second firing was intended to show the extraordinary celerity with which the piece could be loaded and discharged. The chamber is calculated for eight rounds, and the bore of a size to accommodate about 60 balls to the pound. Mr. Colt fired this and the subsequent firings himself, the rifle being loaded. He discharged it eight times, making 64 rounds, and loaded it seven times, the whole occupying only eleven minutes. The time which elapsed between each round averaged a fraction over one second each cartridge. This, of course, shows the surprising rapidity with which firing can be effected. The first four discharges (32 cartridges) were fired in four minutes.

The third experiment was made to test the principle of safety. Doubts had been expressed on this point. It was apprehended that accidents might occur from a communication of sparks to an adjoining charge, as the firing took place. To show that no danger could arise from this cause, a quantity of loose powder was placed immediately over each charge. As it remained in its place after several single discharges, it proved clearly that no fears need be indulged in that particular.

The fourth trial was designed to prove the force of the instrument. A target, composed of four pieces of inch and a quarter pine boards nailed together, making a thickness of five solid inches, was fired at from a distance of about 30 yards. One ball passed completely through the entire mass, and the other seven passed through three thicknesses and buried themselves in the 4th. Here was the most convincing and satisfactory evidence of extraordinary force; and with this the exhibition closed.

It will be recollected that at the last fair of the American Institute, a medal was awarded to Mr. Colt for the specimen of ingenuity and skill, as displayed in this beautiful rifle. The object in the above exhibition was to illustrate its practical utility, and to bring it advantageously before the public. Inspection will satisfy any one of the superior finish of the inside of the barrel; and if pointed accurately at the time of firing, it must perform as well as the barrels of other rifles of similar interior finish.

### Shooting Sweepstakes—Banter from the Buckeye Club!

*To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times,*—*Sir,*—Having seen a banter in your paper a few weeks since, for a *Pigeon Shooting Match* on a large scale, and having talked the thing over among some of our would be *shots* in this city, they have authorized me to say, that if a purse of $500 aside, (say $1000,) be made up, it will be shot for, by five members of the *Cincinnati Shooting Club*, against any five *Gentlemen Sportsmen* of any other town or city in the United States, at Pigeons, to be let off from a trap at 20 or 21 yards distance, to fall within 190 yards of the trap, or subject to such other regulations as usually govern Matches of this sort. And further, that they will go from 50 to 100 miles to meet, and accommodate, their brother sportsmen, in a trial of skill in the above line.

The Cincinnati stake will be forthcoming at a day's notice, and every exertion will be made to procure birds for the occasion. Letters addressed to the Presidents of the Cincinnati Shooting Clubs will meet attention, and correspondence opened with competitors, with much pleasure. An Old Sportsman.

*Cincinnati, June* 28, 1838.

### Proposals for a Cessation of Hostilities!

There is "great coil" about these days in Tennessee and Kentucky between the friends of four distinguished horses standing recently in those States, and the way the writers on both sides rub down each other's shins brickbat fashion, is a huckleberry over any body's persimmon in those parts. In Tennessee and Alabama "the line of party" appears to be as strictly drawn between the friends of *Luzborough* and *Leviathan*, as between the Whig and Tory parties in the olden time. We are glad to see, however, that the newspaper war between the belligerents is maintained with good temper, though with the utmost spirit. In Kentucky, ever since the Dog Days set in, a wordy war has been raging between the friends of *Medoc* and *Woodpecker*. We beg to offer our humble services as mediator between the four rival parties, and to suggest four Sweepstakes of 1, 2, 3, and 4 mile heats, open only to the get of the four horses,—the four to come off over some central course, or two to come off in Ky., and two in Tenn. or Ala. with a subscription of $300 each for the Mile heats stake, and of $1000 each for the Four mile stake. What do you say to this, gentlemen?

*Bell's Life in London* quotes from this paper a fictitious paragraph, copied from one of the Crockett Almanacs, headed "*A Riproarious Fight on the banks of the Mississippi*," and after crediting the same to the Spirit of the Times, adds :—

"It is a singular fact, that our Yankee contemporary abuses English ring fights. We now return the compliment, and wish him joy of this specimen of national characteristics on his side of the Atlantic."

As one good turn deserves another, we quote from the last number of Bell's Life the following paragraph, and "wish it joy of this specimen of national characteristics on *his* side of the Atlantic :"—

Refined Taste.—A Lancashire paper states that in Oldham there are papers posted upon the walls, announcing that a fellow, known by the nickname of "Old Pasley," will worry twelve rats, with his hands tied behind his back. The place of meeting is a beer-shop, and the charge of admission four pence, to be spent in ale. The rats are to be tied by the leg by a string nine inches long, and placed on a table. The fellow is a noted rat worrier, and usually receives a supper and a gill of rum from the landlord for every exhibition. He has several times had his face and breast bitten by the rats in a shocking manner.

### RACING IN THE WEST INDIES.

*To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.*—Sir,—I have for a long time been a constant reader of your journal, and never having seen in it any notice of the affairs of the Turf in the West Indies, I am induced to suppose you are ignorant of the interest which such matters excite there. Considering the small size of the island of Jamaica, there are, perhaps, a larger number of fine horses to be found in it than in any portion of the world, except England, from which many stallions of the finest blood and figure are annually imported. Whether it be owing to the heat of the climate (which, we all know, is congenial to the blood horse), or to the mode in which the races are ridden, I know not, but the pace is certainly very great, as you will see by the time the races I am about more particularly to allude to were run in. The black jockeys have no idea of a waiting race: they all start at the top of their speed, and keep it up as well as they can to the end. I do not know if an *English race* is always run in the shortest time the horses are capable of performing it in, but it appears to me that, with all the superior advantages which noblemen in England possess, their horses do not do their work so fast as those in Jamaica. Lord Mulgrave, when Governor of Jamaica, matched a famous Irish horse he took out with him against the crack horse of the island, a chesnut gelding, bred in the parish of St. Elizabeth, at a property called Pepper. His Lordship's horse was beaten easily, and so pushed in the race, that he died two days afterwards.

The purse of $100 at Kingston, Jamaica, was last year won by Mr. Hollingsworth's b. h. *Porcelain*, aged, 9 st. 7 lb., beating with great difficulty Mr. Willock's b. g. *Union*, 6 yrs., 9 st. 2 lb.; three mile heats. Time, 6:14—6:15—6:21, that is, *nine miles in eighteen minutes and fifty seconds*. This I think you will allow is good running.

The Free Purse at Spanish Town was also won by the same horse, 9 st. 11 lb.; the heats, two miles and a distance. Time, 3:58—4:02—4 07.

A Purse at Kingston for $50; heats, one mile and a distance, was won by Mr. Moncrieff's ch. f. *Virago*, 3 yrs., 6 st. 11 lb. Time, 1:58—1:58—2:00.

I hope you will pardon me for these remarks, which, perhaps, you may not deem worthy of notice. I am your obedient humble servant, B. O.

## THE FLORIDA TURF.

TALLAHASSEE, (Florida,) June 13th, 1838.

WM. T. PORTER,—*Dear Sir*,—I inclose you a check on the Merchant's Bank of New York for $50, and request that you will forward your paper to the following gentlemen from the commencement of the present Vol., and place the balance to my credit. [Here follow the names of *nine* "good men and true"—a most satisfactory and gratifying answer to our query, "*Who will send* TWO?"]

I feel gratified that you have occasionally noticed our feeble efforts to introduce a good stock of blood horses into this region of the country. We labor under more disadvantages in this respect than any other newly settled part of the United States. We have no old settled country immediately on our borders, but are cut off by a belt of *piney woods* of 300 miles in width, in an almost entirely unsettled State, through which *trained horses* must be travelled, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. When I moved to this country in the year 1827, such a thing as a *Race Course* or a *Jockey Club* was unknown in the Territory, nor was there probably ten horses to be found whose pedigree could be traced. In 1832 we succeeded in organizing a Jockey Club, and at considerable expense I fitted up a Race Course equal to any in the Southern country, and by the respectability of our Purses, some good horses were brought here. *Miss Medley* ran her 3 year old race here, Three mile heats, to my entry in the Sweepstakes, and won one heat, but was beat the other two heats by *Chesterfield*. *Courses* and *Clubs* were also established at Quincy and Mariana, where Judge ROBINSON and Col. PITTMAN introduced some very good blood stock. But our Indian wars broke up our growing prospects, our *Clubs* went down, and my race track was converted into a camp ground, and all my fixtures burnt and destroyed by the volunteers who came here with the kind intention of whipping the Indians for us. Last Fall I succeeded in organizing a new Jockey Club under more favorable auspices, and fitted up the track, now called the "Marion Course" at Tallahassee, and had our annual meeting in Dec. last, with a very respectable field of horses, owned entirely in the Territory.

Our second annual meeting is postponed to the second Wednesday in January next, in consequence of the convention to form a State Government being appointed to meet at the City of St. Joseph in Dec. next, and will open a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, Two mile heats; subscription $200, h. ft. to which are now five subscribers, viz.: RICH. HAYWARD, JAS J. PITTMAN, E. G. MAYS, WILLIS & REED, and THOS. BROWN. We have also open a Sweepstakes, for colts and fillies raised in Florida; 3 year olds, Mile heats; subscription $100, h. ft.; and a Sweepstakes, free for all ages, Three mile heats; subscription $500, ft. $200. Our Jockey Club Purses are for the 2d day, $400, Two mile heats. 3d day, $1000, Four mile heats. 4th day, Proprietor's Purse, $300, Mile heats, best three in five. Our Rules are essentially the same as the "Central Course," Baltimore.

I have three good brood mares from the old Dominion, and a three year old colt by Mons. Tonson, among my stock. One of the mares, by Virginian, brought a colt foal to Imported *Felt* in April, 1837; it is now a yearling, and said by judges to be a colt of great promise—I have named him *Tacon*. Another of the mares, by Diomed, dropt a colt foal in April last to Imported *Emancipation*—very stout, large bone, hocks very large, and deep chest. The dam is a blood bay, without any white—so I understand, is the color of Emancipation—the colt is a sorrel or chesnut—from whence comes it?

I have thrown out the foregoing hasty sketch of our turf history in these parts; if you can glean anything therefrom worthy of giving us a passing notice, we shall be thankful. I have no technical experience in turf matters, although I have always been fond of fine horses and sports of the turf. You shall hear from us often, and if any incidents occur in the sporting world, they shall be communicated in such guise as we may be able to give.

Wishing you continued good health—and a *help-mate*, if you desire it—and your truly valuable and interesting paper unbounded circulation,

I am your friend, and most ob't serv't, T. B.

## GREAT SALE OF DURHAM CATTLE.

CINCINNATI (Ohio), June 29, 1838.

*To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.*—SIR,—Believing that everything connected with the improvement and sale of Blood Cattle must be interesting to the majority of your readers, allow me to furnish you with a transcript of the prices obtained at the sale of Maj. CHAS. S. CLARKSON's stock of Durham cattle, held on the 27th and 28th inst. at his (Clifton) Farm, three miles from Cincinnati.

This sale was well attended by agriculturists and stock breeders from the Miami and Scioto valleys of the Ohio, as well as from Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, &c., and went off with much competition and spirit. The stock, as will be seen, was very superior, and shewed fine keeping, and the prices which were obtained has fully justified the enterprising proprietor that in his attempt to introduce this valuable breed of cattle into the Western country he has not labored in vain.

The gross sales amounted to $26,867 50, and a number of the animals have been since re-sold at a handsome advance of prices. I have herewith sent you a catalogue, of which you may make what use you please; and as this is the second or third sale (only) of similar stock ever held in this section of country, we ask you to furnish us with answers to the following queries, viz.:—

1st. Where (in the U. S.) has a larger number of fine stock ever been offered (at any one sale) at auction?

2d. Where have higher prices been obtained?

Waiting your reply, I am, Sir, Yours, &c. BUCKEYE.

*Note.*—Imported *Minna*, and calf *Colossus*, sold for $1700, were re-purchased by Maj. C. S. CLARKSON at an advance; also *Lilly of the Valley*, Maj. C. having made no reservation of bids at sale.

Seven young heifers not included in the catalogue brought from $75 to $150 each.

J. J. W.

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|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1. Minna the 2d, 6 yrs | $975 | 46. Old Crump, 10 yrs | [not sold.] |
| 2. Octavia, 4 yrs | 725 | 47 and 48. Speckled Legs & calf | 150 |
| 3. Pennsylvania, 7 yrs | 725 | 49 and 50. Old Kentuck and calf | 135 |
| 4. Lady Roan, 8 yrs | 775 | 51. Virginia, 10 months | [not sold.] |
| 5. Snow Drop, 4 yrs | 800 | 52. Clara, 3 yrs | 160 |
| 6. Florida and calf, 2 yrs | 1075 | 53. Cora, 1 yr | 95 |
| 7. Belina, 2 yrs | 875 | 54. Lucy, 2 yrs | 170 |
| 8. Kitty Clover, 7 yrs | 700 | 55. Nancy, 1 yr | 70 |
| 9. Prudence, 7 yrs | 570 | 56 and 57. Harriet, 4 yrs., & calf | 185 |
| 10. Emma (and calf), 3 yrs | 850 | 58. Maria | 110 |
| 11. Hyacinth, 12, (private sale) | 1000 | 58. Rose, 6 yrs | 90 |
| 12. Pink, 1 | 700 | 60. Line-Back, 4 yrs | 60 |
| 13. Rose-Bud, 1 | 850 | 61. Spot, 4 yrs | 200 |
| 14. White-Rose, 1 | 800 | 62. Black-Face, 4 yrs | [not sold.] |
| 15. Dahlia, 1 | 475 | 63. Clorinda and calf | 205 |
| 16. Lilly-of-the-Valley, 1 | 400 | 64. May-Flower, 1 yr | 465 |
| 17. Susan, 15 months | 550 | 65. Tulip, 4 yrs | 65 |
| 18. Kate Kearney, 3 months | (not sold.) | 66. Betsey Taylor, 3 yrs | [not sold] |
| 19. Stella, 7 months | 410 | 67 and 68. Miss Cleveland, Calf, do. | |
| 20. Daisy and calf | 460 | 69 and 70. Red-Bud, Calf | 65 |
| 21. Speckled Daisy, 4 yrs | 400 | 71. Miss Patton, 3 yrs | [not sold.] |
| 22. Beauty, 3 | 200 | 72. Pet | 50 |
| 23. Primrose, 2 | 220 | 73. Hortense | [not sold.] |
| 24. Althea, 2 | (not sold.) | BULLS. | |
| 25. Blue Bell, 2 months [See 22.] | | 74. Ohio, 3 yrs | 1450 |
| 26. Speckled Durham, 8 yrs | 300 | 75. Proclamation, 6 yrs | 600 |
| 27. Duchess, 6 | 300 | 76. Texas, 2 yrs. last Sept. | 710 |
| 28. Blossom (and calf,) 3 yrs | 750 | 77. Colossus, 8 months | 725 |
| 29. Myrtle, 1 | 320 | 78. Frederick, 9m, $500 offer'd, not sold | |
| 30. Alice, calf | (not sold.) | 79. Daniel Webster 1 y last Aug | [not s.] |
| 31. Juliet, 2 yrs | 100 | 80. Colonel Crocket, 2 yrs | 575 |
| 32. Laura, calf | 230 | [Re-sold for $1000.] | |
| 33. Venus, 9 yrs | 150 | 81. Lothario, foaled 1st May, sold with No. 10. | |
| 34. Young Venus, 4 yrs | 185 | 82. Don Juan, 1 yr. last Sept. | 130 |
| 25. Clio, 3 yrs | [not sold.] | 83. Cortez, 3 yrs | 80 |
| 36. Matilda, 2 yrs | 200 | 84. President, 1 yr | 190 |
| 37. Flora, 7 yrs | 225 | 85. Cato, 1 yr | 300 |
| 38. Cornelia, 2 yrs | 175 | 86. Logan, 1 yr | 160 |
| 39. White Lilly, 1 yr | 330 | 87. Alfred, 1 yr. May last | 75 |
| 40. Nora (and calf,) 7 yrs | 120 | 88. Nimrod, calved Dec. last | 80 |
| 41. Caroline, 2 yrs | 165 | 89. Adonis, calved 23d April last, sold with No. 52. | |
| 42. Ruby, 1 yr | 225 | 90. Duke Aranza, 1 yr | 120 |
| 43. Cherry, 7 yrs | 135 | | |
| 44 and 45. Mulberry and calf | 240 | | |

## LIVINGSTON (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

The races over the new *Picton Course* commenced on Tuesday, 29th May, with a purse of $500, three mile heats. The Picton Course is situated in Sumpter Co., Ala., two and a half miles from the seat of justice (Livingston). It is of a light sandy soil, and will eventually be as quick a track as any in the State. By an accurate measurement, it is two and a half feet over a mile, three feet from the inner edge. The following gentlemen were elected Officers:—President, JOHN LONG, Esq.; 1st Vice President, WM. B. OCHILTREE, Esq.; 2d Vice President, Dr. JOS. A. SMITH, Esq.; Treasurer, ROBT. ARRINGTON, Esq.; Secretary, JOHN J. JEWELL, Esq. The rules of the Henry Course, at Greensboro', govern.

TUESDAY, May 29, 1838—Purse $500, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance (3lbs) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. *Pactolus*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs 1 1
Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. *Narcissa Parish*, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle, 4 yrs... 2 dr
Time, 5:57½.

1*st heat*.—The mare had the track, and at the tap of the drum they went off at an easy pace for three quarters of a mile, when the horse challenged, and they reached the stand the first round with a business-like stroke, the mare still leading. They made the turn on the 2d mile in the same position, and head and head down the back stretch; but the horse was forced to fall back a little, and Narcissa led down the stretch on the 2d mile. The pace was a killing one round the turn on the 3d mile; Pactolus, watching his opportunity, made play in the back stretch, and succeeded in heading his opponent in the stretch on the last turn, and won the heat in 5:57½.

2*d heat*.—The mare being withdrawn, the horse galloped over, and received the maiden purse on the Picton Course.

WEDNESDAY, May 30—Purse $300; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John Long's gr. m. *Merino Ewe*, by Jerry, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. *Tom Thurman*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Venus by Constellation, 4 yrs | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| David Conner's b. f. *Taladega*, by Wild Bill, dam by Lafayette, 4 yrs | 1 | 2 | dr |
| Jas. H. Moore's ch. m. *Lucy Benton*, by Stockholder, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs | 4 | | dist. |

Time, 3:55—3:57—4:04.

1*st heat*.—Taladega had the track, Thurman second, Lucy Benton 3d, and the grey mare outside. The tap of the drum sends them off—after Lucy Benton had taken a run of half an hour across the track without a rider—Taladega having the lead, which she maintained throughout the heat, after a sharp contest, Thurman keeping her at her work the whole way.—Time, 3:55.

2*d heat*.—After an interval of 30 minutes the horses were brought up, and at the tap of the drum they go from the stand with a stroke that is anything but slow. Thurman, ripe for mischief, goes at the bay filly with all the spirit of a true game one—collars her on the back stretch, and they go down it dead locked—on they go at a pace that is too good to last.—You must not falter, my little one; if you do he has you: game is your only chance; if you have it, you win, if not, you must give way. They are in the stretch, coming to the stand, the filly ahead, and but a head, for Thurman is at her throatlatch, and they are both going at their best pace. See, the filly has backed her ears, the persuaders are tipping the claret from her silky sides, but Thurman still runs her close up. Richard Caubhon, alias Little Dick, is on the watch. Don't give back—don't waver, or you are lost. Down the stretch they go, and Dick is now bent on mischief. Now, Taladega, it is death or victory, for Thurman is here to make a dead rush; if you live through it the day is yours, and nobly won. But the grey mare is closing up—she is up—she is ahead. Hurra for Sumter! (the grey mare was raised and is owned in this county.) The go along is out of Thurman and Taladega, for the struggle has been long and deadly contested. Your chances are gone, it is the grey mare's heat; Thurman has taken the run out of Taladega, but she in turn has not left him a chance to win, while Lucy Benton is distanced.—Time, 3:57.

3*d heat*.—But two came to the stand, Taladega being drawn. Thurman had yet a run left, and it was everybody's race. Thurman went off with the lead, but it was evident that the grey would win, which she did, after a well-contested heat, in 4:04.

Thus ended one of the most beautiful races I ever witnessed, having been closely contested from the start, and one that will long be remembered for its true game and close contention.

THURSDAY, May 31—Purse $200; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. *Rhinodino*, by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 4 yrs | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| James S. Jackson's b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip 4 yrs | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Simon Cockerell's s. h. *Chronometer*, by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 3 |
| Lewis J. Kirk's ch. f. *Narcissa Parish*, pedigree above, 4 yrs | dr | | | | |

Time, 1:58—1:55—1:54—1:56—1:55.

A very pretty race, but won by Rhinodino in fine style: and taking into consideration the state of the track (it being new), a good one, and would have been better if they could have straightened the *little* Bill the last heat or two.

FRIDAY, June 1—Purse $190; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| James S. Jackson's gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Pulaski, dam by Bellair, 6 yrs | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Daniel Gray's ro. f. *Jararah Helen*, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| David Conner's b. f. *Taladega*, pedigree above, 4 yrs | 2 | | dist. |

Time, 2:02—2:00—2:06.

Thus ended the first Spring meeting over the Picton Course, which I believe gave general satisfaction, the utmost harmony having prevailed throughout. In the Fall the purses will be as large, perhaps, as any in the State, the Jockey Club now being worth $2000, Spring and Fall, which will bring some of the best horses of Tennessee and Mississippi together with our own, which will comprise a fine lot, when fine sport may be anticipated. JOHN J. JEWELL, Sec'y & Prop.

## CULPEPER FALL RACES FOR 1837.

"Better late that never!" From some carelessness somewhere or other, the last Fall races over the Culpeper Course have not been reported. Yet it is probable more interesting racing did not take place over any other course in the Union. In the four days there were eight regular races, and the heats were broken in every race except one, and several races were won by from 9 inches to one foot, and every race uncertain till it was won.

TUESDAY, Sept. 19, 1837—Sweepstakes for all ages, each to carry 100lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James P. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, dam by Chuck-a-luck, aged | 1 | 1 |
| Thomas Doswell's ch. h. *Deceiver*, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs | 4 | 2 |
| A. Hickeson's b. c. *Sybrant*, by Lafayette, aged | 2 | 3 |
| John Thompson's ch. g. by Champion, 5 yrs | 3 | 4 |

Time, 1:52—1:52.

The track was deep and in very bad order. They were all well up each heat.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| J. C. Gibson's b. g. *Guinea Pig*, by Snow Storm, dam by Vampire | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Thomas Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Maid of Athens | 3 | dr | |

Time, 1:57—1:59—1:53.

This was a very interesting race between the Pig and the filly—the 1st heat was won by 9 inches, the 2d was a dead heat, and the 3d the Pig won by only 3 or 4 feet: both up from the start.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 20—Purse $200, ent. $10; free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| John P. White's ch. m. *Canary*, by Sir Charles, 5 yrs | 1 | 4 | 3 | 1 |
| A. Hickeson's b. g. *Sybrant*, pedigree above, aged | 2 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Thomas Doswell's b. m. *Antiope*, by Gohanna, 6 yrs | 4 | 1 | 4 | 3 |
| Mr. Fulps' ch. c. by Marseilles, 4 yrs | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 |

Time, 4:00—4:02—4:00—4:02.

Each heat was capitally contested, and not one won by more than a length.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; weights as before. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John P. White's ch. c. *Hampton*, by Imp. Barefoot | 1 | 1 |
| R. Tyber's ch. f. by John Richards | 2 | 2 |
| Thomas Doswell's b. c. *Chawtauk*, by Pamunky | 3 | 3 |

Time, 4:03—4.03.

Won easily. The Pamunky and John Richards colts were both said to be amiss.

THURSDAY, Sept. 21—Purse $300, ent. $15; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thomas Doswell's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| John P. White's b. h. *Alp*, pedigree omitted, 6 yrs | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| James Hansbrough's b. h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut | 1 | 2 | 3 |

Time, 6:02—6:03—6:12.

This race was nobly contested from beginning to end.

FRIDAY, Sept. 22.—Purse $150; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| John P. White's ch. f. *Irene*, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs | 4 | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| John Thompson's ch. g. by Champion, 5 yrs | 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| J. P. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, pedigree above, aged | 1 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| William Williamson's b. h. *Gov. Barbour*, by Imp. Truffle, 5 yrs | 3 | 3 | 4 | dist | |

Time, 1:53—1:53—1:54—1:55—2:00.

It is proper to remark that after the 2d heat a false start was made, and all run round—it was won by the Champion, but the Judges decided it to be no heat.

During the whole four days the track was fetlock deep in dirt and sand, having been ploughed deep four weeks before the meeting, and no rain falling afterwards.

## CULPEPER COURT HOUSE (Va.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced on the 31st May, and continued three days only, as the Club meetings are held in the Fall.

THURSDAY, May 31, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, dam by Tariff | 1 | 1 |
| G. Moore's b. c. by Star, dam by Walnut | 2 | 2 |
| M. E. Scott's f. by Zinganee, dam by Contention | pd.ft | |
| J. C. Gibson's c. by Zinganee, dam by Lafayette | pd.ft | |
| Charles Thompson's c. by Timoleon, out of Eliza Wharton | pd.ft | |
| Thomas D. Hansbrough's f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Jubilee | pd ft | |
| Wm. L. White's c. by Goliah, out of Maid of Athens | pd.ft | |

Time, 1:55—2:03.

Won easily. The Star colt was said to be amiss. The two Zinganee colts were trained together from the first, and it was intended to forfeit on one, and run the best. Both were considered promising, and the selection was made six days before the race, and the other turned out. But accidents will happen in the best of families—only two days before the race, M. E. Scott's filly lamed herself in getting up suddenly, so that she, too, had to forfeit. But for that, a very exciting race would have taken place between her and the Pamunky filly, who were the two favorites.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $70, ent. $10; free for all ages. Weights—for 3 year olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged, 124lbs.: mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. One mile.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| B. Hansbrough's br. g. *Guinea Pig*, by Snow Storm, 4 yrs | 1 | |
| Thos. C. Rexey's ch. g. *Dwarf*, by Champion, 5 yrs | 2 | |
| James Willis' bl. c. *Lord Hale*, by Truffle, 4 yrs | 3 | |

Time, 1:58.

FRIDAY, June 1—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. C Gibson's (Judge P. P. Barbour's) b. f. *Melicent*, by Goliah, dam by Hotspur | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Crow's b. c. by Star, dam by St. Tammany | 2 | 2 |
| A. Payne's ch. c. by Autocrat, dam unknown | 3 | 3 |
| Wm. L. White's f. by Goliah, dam by Timoleon | pd.ft | |

Time, 1:59—1:55. Won easily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $50, ent. $5; free for all ages; weights as before; One mile.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James Willis' bl. c. by Imp. Truffle, 4 yrs | 1 | |
| Dr. Slaughters' b. h. *Tickle Toby*, by Snow Storm, 5 yrs | 3 | |
| Thomas C. Rexey's ch. g. *Dwarf*, by Champion, 5 yrs | 2 | |

Time, 1:55. Won easily.

SATURDAY, June 2—Purse $100, with the gate money of the day added; free for all ages; weights as before. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John P. White's ch. m. *Canary*, by Sir Charles, 6 yrs | 1 | 1 |
| Wm. L. White's b. g. *Sam Patch*, by Champion, 6 yrs | 2 | 2 |

Time, 4:06—4:12. Won easily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages; catch weights. Four subs. at $25 each, $2,50 ft. One mile.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. P. C. Slaughter's b. h. *Tickle Toby*, pedigree above, 5 yrs | 1 |
| Mr. Hackley's gr. g. *Blue Hawk*, by Victor, 5 yas | 2 |
| Mr. Whales' b. g. *Little John*, by Snow Storm | 3 |
| L. Wall's ch. g. by Sir Charles | 4 |

Time, 1:55. Won easily. J. C. G.

TREE HILL, June 30, 1838.

*Dear Sir*,—I see in your paper that the Secretary, in reporting the races run over this course, omitted an important Sweepstakes of ten subscribers, as follows:—

TREE HILL COURSE, May —, 1838.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Ten subs at $150 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley | 5 | 1 | 1 |
| William Williamson's b f. by Imp Autocrat, dam by Sir Charles | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| William. L. White's s. f. by Goliah, dam by Tariff | 3 | 4 | 4 |
| Thomas Doswell's b. f. by Pamunky, dam by Tariff | 2 | 3 | 3 |
| John C. Claiborne's ch c. by Imp. Luzborough | 4 | dist. | |
| Isham Puckett's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Charles | pd.ft. | | |
| Also, the nominations of John P. White, F. Nelson, E. Townes, and John S. Corbin | pd.ft. | | |

Time, 1:55—1:59—2:02.

JOHN P. WHITE, *Proprietor*.

*Note by the Editor*.—When the original report of the Tree Hill Spring Races was sent us, we were much surprised, as doubtless was the Club, at the Secretary's remarking of two races [one a colt sweepstakes of five subs. Mile heats, and the other a stake open to all ages, Two mile heats,] that "*the materials for a report are so imperfect, that it was thought best to omit it altogether!*" The Club might ask *why* were "the materials so imperfect," and *who* "thought best to omit it altogether?" If the winners of the stakes are satisfied, we have nothing to say, but we feel confident Maj. WHITE would have conferred an obligation on them by preserving some sort of record of their victorious contests.

## FREDERICKTON (Mo.) SPRING RACES.

THURSDAY, April 12, 1838—Purse $125, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| John L. Safford's b. f. by Potomac, 4 yrs | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| N. B. Harris's s. g. ——, pedigree unknown | 1 | 2 | 2 |

Time, 2:08—2:11—2:13.

The interest in this race arose greatly out of the fact that the horse trained for the race proved lame, and in consequence was not entered. The mare, a brag animal, lost the 1st heat from a horse without keeping, taken from under the saddle for the occasion, and who hotly contested the 2d and 3d heats.

FRIDAY, April 13—Purse $——, free for any horse, mare, or gelding, in the U. S.; weights as before; Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ellis & Noell's b. h. *Shakspeare Jr.*, by Shakspeare, dam by Imp. Knowsley, aged | 1 | 1 |
| Thos. T. Tunstall's ch. h. *Independence*, by Tom Fletcher, dam unknown, 5 yrs | 2 | dist. |

Time, 4:08—4:13.

Independence has been under the charge of T. T. TUNSTALL since he was two years old, and the friends of Tunstall avowed that he could beat Tom Fletcher a distance in two miles. Last Fall Tom Fletcher distanced Shakspeare in two miles, on the same course, with catch weights on each, in 4:08, and the consequence was, bets of 5 and 10 to 1 went begging that Independence would take the purse. The horses were ordered to the stand, both apparently in fine order. A false start was made—Shakspeare broke away, and made the first turn before the rider could stop him. The second time they got off well together, Independence having the track, which Shakspeare took from him before running 50 yards, and maintained it without difficulty throughout, Independence not being able to come up in any part of the ground.

In the 2d heat Shakspeare took the lead and kept it, distancing Independence with great ease, without the touch of whip or spur.

Last Fall Shakspeare was trained by an experienced hand, but was nevertheless distanced by Tom Fletcher in two miles. This Spring Shakspeare was hastily put in order by one of the owners (his first attempt to train a horse for two mile heats), without time to give him a trial strain—yet he beat Independence, who can distance Tom Fletcher in two miles, according to the avowal of the owners and friends of both the latter horses. We leave the public to make their own comments on these facts, and especially those who are in any degree acquainted with the occurrence personally.

SATURDAY, April 14—Purse $125; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Henry Eidson's br. f. by Tiger | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| J. L. Safford's b. m. —— | 2 | 2 | dist. |

Time not given.

The bay mare took the lead in the 1st and 2d heats, but was passed in the first half mile by the filly, who beat her out a short distance. In the 3d heat they made a handsome start—the filly soon took the lead, maintained it without difficulry, and distanced the mare with ease.

The first and third days' sport was fine, the heats closely contested, and the result doubtful, until they closed, except the last one. Altogether, we had a pleasant time of it.

The course is generally rough, and measures 30 yards more than a mile.

*Shakspeare Jr.* can beat *Tom Fletcher*, with 124lbs. on each, for from $1000 $5000, Two mile heats. ELLIS & NOELL.

We would call attention to an advertisement in another column, in which it is proposed to form a Cricket Club for New York and Brooklyn. The English provincial journals are half made up, at this season of the year, with accounts of Cricket matches, with their attendant balls, dinners, &c.; and as the game is a manly and healthy one, we think it only requires "a fair field and no favor," to render it a favorite with the youthful and athletic among the sporting community this side the Atlantic.

S. W. GOODWYN, Esq., of Alabama, has purchased of Gen. A. JACKSON his b. f. *Virago*, 4 yrs., by Citizen, out of Diana, by Virginian, for $1000.

Colonel Peel challenged for THE CUP at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and delivered his nomination sealed up. The challenge not having been accepted the nomination was returned unopened, and the Cup was transferred to Colonel Peel.

## KIT NORTH'S LAST TROUTING EXCURSION.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for June is before us, and the leading article informs us of OLD CHRISTOPHER'S resumption of *His Sporting Jacket!* Then follows an article abounding with gems of wit and sentiment—with philosophic rhapsodies and fanciful imagery—with fun the most irresistible, and angling scenes and reminiscences the most enticing. The whole article is embued with the most fervent poetic feeling, and the amiable character of the writer is seen in every line; and though we cannot find room for the half, still we give enough of it to convince his most enthusiastic admirers that in writing, as well as angling, the good right hand of the hearty old cock hath not forgot its cunning.

It is the month—the merry month of May—and the green earth is glad—and bids us take up our staff, and, sallying out into the sunshine, yet a little while, as best we may, partake of her pleasures and of her pleasantness, along the primrose paths that lead through "the old familiar *places*," to the river of our youth, THE TWEED.

Heaven forefend that we should ever be so wicked as to abuse the month of May. The Seasons are dutiful Children of the Year, and obedient to Nature's law, no more dream of seriously quarrelling among themselves than of being ungrateful to their Parent. Spring, with the most youthful look of the Four, is the eldest; and, strange to say, Winter is the youngest, though in a great measure owing to his peculiar taste in dress, he might, especially in his favorite frieze surtout, pass for a carle of fourscore. Of the three children of Spring—pleasing coincidence that the Seasons should each have the same number of progeny, showing that there must be something constitutional—May has met with most admiration, and might have been spoiled by the praise of poets had she not felt that she was the object likewise of love. No human being can be spoiled by love—and the Months are all human beings, and May the most human of them all. So perfectly human is she felt to be, that she is called the Divine.

But not to be poetical—you complain, it seems, of the caprice of May—of her changefulness of mood—and her occasional coldness of manner—and prefer June. June cannot fail of feeling greatly flattered by the preference of such a wiseacre in weather, but her coz does not envy her such a conquest, and susurring in our ear "Come, dear old Christopher!" we trip away—with our arm round her waist—into the woods—while the cushat continues to croon, fearless of our footsteps, and Morning bids her full choir salute us with her Own Anthem, the leaders being the Linnet on the broom, the Blackbird on the tree, and the Lark in the rosy cloud

THE TWEED! There it is! Flow on—flow on—and fear not that we are going to describe thee—for of thy beauty thou carest no more than of thy happiness—and heedless of both art thou in thy perpetual prime—even as thou, Grey ruin! on which we have so often gazed, art heedless of thine own decay—or of the motion carrying you away into empty nothing, ye fair floating Clouds!

But though we love thee too well to describe thee, (we wonder what the world will call what we have now written), this we must say, that of all the rivers in the world, thou behavest most kindly to the angler, when the water is low, and the sun bright, and the air calm, and the trouts may be seen *panting*, apparently too languid even to elude the Pike (none here), much less to leap at a Fly. On such days, even at meridian, and literally in the very town of Kelso, have we taken trout a foot—nay, a cubit long—and eke smaller fry of about four to the pound—such as look better in the pan than the pannier—but then it was with a *worn* midge, on invisible gut, that floated into the suction of their jaws along with living animalculæ, inextricable in their tongues as the "gored lion's bite." These were extreme cases, though not rare; but at all times we would rather angle in the Tweed when it is low than when it is high, or even "though not overflowing full," for below Melrose there is always a free-flowing stream in mid-channel—and many a populous place "in bosoms, nooks, and bays," is then apparent which, when there is much water, is lost in the general current, and we suspect then ceases to be populous; and were the day to be shadowy and breezy too, it would do good to the heart of a misanthrope to see our sport—nor would he not offer of his own accord to carry our pannier, and at eve to accompany us to our Wayside Inn to be rehumanized by a gentle colloquy. To-day the state of the weather is not amiss, but the air is scarcely warm enough—nay it is even cold—yet since yonder Trout, who looks as if he were the Tyrant of the Flood, is so fond of showing his back, we shall try to get a look at his belly, and he must have a rare head and shoulders, judging by that tail.

In a word, let us describe ourself. *Risum teneatis amici* to see us once more in OUR OLD SPORTING JACKET! Behold our back burdened—with OUR TWO PANNIERS. We are in a bloody mood, O May! and shall not leave this Pool—without our twenty mortal murders on our head. Jump away TROUTS—without any bowels of compassion for the race of flies. Devouring Ephemerals! Can you not suffer the poor insects to sport out their day? They must be insipid eating—but here are some savory exceedingly—it is needless to mention their name—that carry *sauce piquante* in their tails. Do try the taste of this bobber—but any one of the three you please. There! hold fast, KIRBY—for that is a Whopper. A Mort! we did not suppose there were any in the river. Why, he springs as if he were a Fish! Go it again, beauty. We ourselves could jump a bit in our day—nearly four times our own length—but we never could clear our own height, nor within half a foot of it—while you—our hearty—though not two feet long, certainly do the perpendicular to the tune of four—from tail-fin to water-surface—your snout being six nearer the sky than the foam-bells you break in your descent into your native element. Cayenne, mustard, and ketchup is our zest, and we shall assuredly eat you at sunset. Dou you know the name of the fool at the other end—according to Dr. Johnson? CHRISTOPHER NORTH. 'Tis an honor to be captured by the Old Knight of the Bloody Hand. You deserve to die such a death—for you keep in the middle of the current like a mort of meetle, and are not one of the skulkers that seek the side, and would fain take to the bush in hopes of prolonging life by foul entanglement. Bravely bored, Gil Morrice. There is as great difference in the moral qualities of the finny tribe as among us humans—and we have known some cowardly wretches escape our clutches by madly floundering in among floating weeds, or diving down among labyrinths of stone at the bottom, in paroxysms of fear that no tackle could withstand, not even Mackenzie's. He has broke his heart. Feeble as the dying gladiator, the arena swims around him, and he around the arena—till sailing with snout shore-ward, at sea in his own pool, he absolutely rolls in convulsions in between our very feet, and we, unprepared for such a mode of procedure, hastily retreating, discover that our joints are not so supple as of yore, and *play cloit* on our back among the gowans. Tip—our terrier—tooths him by the cerebellum, and carries him up-brae in his mouth like a mawkin. About four pounds.

Not a ninny you talk to about angling who does not "fill his pannier." This one on our left side will contain about three stone weight, and that is seldom taken in trout, burn, or sea, in the Tweed, even with the minnow. It would require a Grahame Bell or a George Dundas. This on our right side is somewhat smaller, to leave our working arm free. Our rod, the gift of Sandy Ballantyne (would he were to play a triumphant spring on his bit whussle), is called Sampson, and in Angling as in Articling, we are often designated by the endearing diminutive—Now for a caulker. The man who drams it dry at his forenoon work in town is not fit to live—the man who drams it not, wet at his forenoon work in the country, is not fit to die; and we are wet—for we never drop a fly on the water till we have ascertained the temperature by wading in waist-deep—and oh! how restorative the pure water of the Tweed, as it eddies lovingly round our breast!

Our Two Panniers have from time to time immemorial been known on all the rivers and lochs of Scotland by the names of Gog and Magog. Guess what is Gog. The entire contents of CLIO! Yes, we *toomed* them into his mouth that gaped to receive the treasures, as wide as that of Joe Grimaldi—and not them alone, but others if not so rare as rich—such as a knuckle of veal—a how-towdy—a dozen or so of common beef sandwiches—and a pair of bear's paws—our annual gift from the celebrated Lloyd, now in Norway. For though our appetite is not what it once was, it is about an average appetite still, though lunch destroys it; and therefore during a day like this, we merely take a few suitable mouthfuls to every pounder, which, when sport is tolerable, keeps from our stomach that indescribable unpleasant feeling of emptiness, which, so far from aiding, impedes the performance of a hale and hearty man at a late dinner at St. Boswell's.

Had we killed such a mort as is now in Magog fifty years ago, we should not have rested a single instant after basketing him, before re-rushing, with a sanguinary aspect, to the work of death. Now carelessly diffused, we lie on our elbow, with our mild cheek on our palm, and keep gazing—but not lack-a-daisically—for the dear delights are now starring the whole of Tweeddale—on the circumambient woods. Yes! circumambient—for look where we will, they accompany our ken like a peristrephic panorama. If men have been seen walking like trees, why may not trees be seen walking like men—in battalia—in armies—but oh! how peaceful the array—and as the slow silvan swimming away before our eyes subsides and settles, in that steadfast variegation of coloring, what a depth of beauty and grandeur, of joy and peace!

What's this so hard we are sitting on? A book. THE FLY FISHER'S ENTOMOLOGY, BY ALFRED RONALDS. Two years published, and not yet reviewed in Blackwood. That is a very great shame. Yet how review a volume of which one chief merit consists in admirable likenesses, to the very life, of a great many of the insects, whose imitations are used in Fly-fishing, and of likenesses of those imitations themselves, only equalled, if indeed they be so, in Bainbridge's celebrated Manual! No angler, either literary or scientific, and the best anglers are both, should be without Ronalds. "Having himself," he says, "sorely felt the inadequacy of mere verbal instructions to enable him to imitate the natural fly correctly, or even approximately, and the little utility of graphical illustrations unaccompanied by the principal requisite, viz., colors, he has been induced to paint both the natural and artificial fly from nature, to etch them with his own hand, and to color, or superintend the coloring, of each particular impression. He therefore presumes to hope that he has succeeded in giving a useful collection of the leading flies for every month in the season, and that any one who may be led by it to a choice of flies from the stock of the manufacturer, or to the construction of his own, will not have cause to repent of having consulted the Catalogue, chiefly composing the Fourth Chapter." He will not, indeed; for it is a chapter that reflects the highest credit on Mr. Ronalds as an artist, an entomologist, and an angler. In his endeavors to improve the art of Fly-making, having made many careful observations relative to some of the habits of the Trout and Grayling, he introduces very interesting accounts of some of the most curious, which prove him to be a keen and accurate observer. He should not, however, have said, speaking of the trout, "that the weight of those usually taken with the fly is from half a pound to two pounds and a half, and *sometimes* from four to five pounds."—There are thousands and tens of thousands below half a pound for one above it, and they rise at a fly even before they can speak. He has given a colored plan of a stream, denoting the Trout's favorite haunts in rapid, clear-running waters, with a rocky or a gravelly bottom—in which are marked by letters the tail of the stream, the end of a little rapid, or swifter portion of the current, the junction of little rapids formed by water passing round an obstruction in the midst of the general current, tracts where a chain of bubbles or little floating objects indicate the course of the principal current, which course, he well says, is chiefly dependent on various reflections of the water from projecting banks, rocks, scaurs, and shoals, and may be often guessed at, when not sufficiently visible, by attending to the position of the banks, roots of trees, or other places where the froth (called in Staffordshire Begger's Balm) collects, and little whirlpools and eddies; in all of which places insects follow the course of the bubbles, and are there caught by the fish. In the plan the Trouts are seen single, or in shoals, with their snouts stream-ward, and it is of itself sufficient to show that Mr. Ronalds is a true brother of the craft.

Mr. Ronalds has been at greate pains to obtain accurate knowledge of the habits of the trout from ocular observation—and we read with interest his account of some of his experiments:—

"With a view to obviate this difficulty, a little fishing hut, or observatory, of heath, overhanging a part of the river Blythe, near Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire seemed favorable for the purpose. Its form was oct agonal, and it had three windows, which being situated only four feet and a half above the surface of the water, allowed a very close view of it. The middle one commanded a sconce, each of the two others a small whirlpool or eddy. The curtains of the windows were provided with peepholes, so that the fish could not see his observer, and a bank was thrown up, in order to prevent a person approaching the entrance of the hut from alarming the fish. The stream was regularly fished, and nothing else was done to interfere with the natural state of the animal.

"The stationary position in which he is enabled to maintain himself in the most rapid stream, poised as it were like a hawk in the air, was the first thing which seemed worth noting at this fishing-hut. Even the tail, which is known to be the principal organ of propulsion, can scarcely be observed to move, and the fins, which are used to balance the fish, seems quite useless, except when he sees an insect; then he will dart with the greatest velocity through the opposing current at his prey, and quickly return. The station which he occupies in this manner is invariably well chosen. Should a favorite haunt, where food is concentrated by the current, he rather crowded by his fellows, he will prefer contending with them for a share of it. A trout will chiefly frequent one place during all the summer months. It is well known that he quits the large waters, and ascends the smaller brooks for the purpose of spawning in October and November, when the male assists the female in making a hole in the gravel wherein to deposite the ova. By some it is supposed that they both lie dormant in the mud during the greatest severity of the weather."

SENSE OF HEARING.

"In order that we might be enabled to ascertain the truth of a common assertion, viz., that fish can hear voices in conversation on the banks of a stream, my friend the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Gratwhick, and myself, selected for close observation a trout poised about six inches deep in the water, whilst a third gentleman, who was situated behind the fishing-house (i. e.) diametrically opposite to the side where the fish was, fired off one barrel of his gun. The possibility of the flash being seen by the fish was thus wholly prevented, and the report produced not the slightest apparent effect upon him.

"The second barrel was then fired; still he remained immovable, evincing not the slightest symptom of having heard the report. This experiment was afterwards often repeated, and precisely similar results were invariably obtained; neither could I, or other persons, ever awaken symptoms of alarm in the fishes near the hut by shouting to them in the loudest tones, although our distance from them did not sometimes exceed six feet. The experiments were not repeated so often as to habituate them to the sound. It is possible that fishes may be in some manner affected by vibrations communicated to their element either directly or by the intervention of aerial pulsations; although it does not seem to be clearly proved that they possess any organs appropriated exclusively to the purpose of hearing. At all events, it appears that neither the above-mentioned explosions, nor the loud voices, had power to produce vibrations in the water, which could so affect them."

Mr. Ronalds says that he leaves the discussion of this intricate subject to more able and learned speculators, but that it is sufficient to know that the above-mentioned Trout had no ears to hear either the voice or the gun; and he expresses his firm belief, in which we agree with him, that the zest which friendly chat often imparts to the exercise of the captivating art need never be marred by an apprehension that sport will be impaired thereby. Don't stamp, quoth Kit, like a paving machine along the banks, for the Trout is timorous in earthquake, and don't blow your nose like a bagman, for he is afraid of thunder. We also hold with Mr. Ronalds, that sight is perhaps the sense of most importance to them; and that they can perhaps frequently distinguish (with greater or less distinctness) much more of objects which are out of their own element than it is often supposed they can. His experiments on their Taste and Smell are exceedingly curious.

"It seemed almost impossible to devise experiments relative to the sense of smell in fishes, which would offer the prospect of satisfactory results, without depriving the animal of sight; the cruelty of which operation deterred me from prosecuting the enquiry. Observations on the taste of fishes are involved in still greater difficulties. I once threw upon the water from my hut (by blowing them through a tin tube) successively, ten dead house flies towards a trout known to me by a white mark upon the nose (occasioned by the wound of a hook), all of which he took. Thirty more with cayenne pepper and mustard plastered on the less conspicuous parts of them were then administered in the same manner. These he also seized; twenty of them at the instant they touched the water, and allowing no time for the dressing to be dispersed; but the other ten remained a second or two upon the surface before he swallowed them, and a small portion of the dressing parted and sunk. The next morning several exactly similar doses were taken by the same fish, who was apparently so well contented with the previous day's treatment that he seemed to enjoy them heartily. From these and similar experiments, such as trout taking flies dipped in honey, oil, vinegar, &c. I concluded that if the animal has taste his palate is not peculiarly sensitive. My experience goes to prove, contrary to the opinion of some who say that the trout will take every insect, that he does not feed upon the hive bee, or wasp, and that he very rarely takes the humble bee. It seemed to be a common practice with those who plied for food near the hut, to lay an embargo upon almost every little object which floated down the stream, taking it into the mouth, sometimes with avidity, sometimes more slowly, or cautiously, as if to ascertain its fitness, or unfitness for food, and frequently to reject it instantly. This seems to favor the notion that if the trout has not a taste similar to our own, he may be endowed with some equivalent species of sensation in the mouth. It may also account for his taking a nondescript artificial fly, but it furnishes no plea to quacks and bunglers, who inventing or espousing a new theory, whereby to hide their want of skill or spare their pains, would kill all the fish with one fly, as some doctors would cure all diseases by one pill. If a trout rejects the brown hive bee at the time that he greedily swallows the March brown fly, it is clear that the imitation should be as exact as possible of the last, and as dissimilar as possible to the first. I have very frequently watched fish in an apparently hesitating attitude when bees and wasps were within their ken. How far either smell or taste may be concerned in this seeming indecision the writer cannot determine.

"On one occasion I observed an humble bee, which floated down the stream, visited by a trout, who suffered himself to descend also with the current, just under the bee, his nose almost touching it for about three feet, but he struck away without taking it. At another time I saw a fish swim up to an humble bee which was thrown to him, and examine it very attentively, he then cautiously and leisurely took it in his mouth and descended with it, but immediately afterward gave it up; he then seemed to be closely occupied with another humble bee, swimming up to and away from it six times, each time almost touching it with his nose. Ultimately he took this also, but immediately rejected it.

"Having examined the stomachs of many trouts taken in almost every week throughout the three last entire fishing seasons, with a view chiefly to assist my choice of flies for the catalogue below, I found that his food consisted, besides flies and caterpillars, of larvae squillae (or fresh water shrimps), small fish, young crawfish, spiders, millipedes, earwigs, and the water beetle. I never discovered frogs, snails, or mice, but have no doubt that other waters afford other fare, even 'sauces piquantes of fish hooks.' A convenient method of examining the contents of the stomach is to put the materials into a hair sieve and pump clean water upon them; when parted and sufficiently clean, the whole may be put into a large cup, full of clean water, for examination."

That is pleasant reading—and we wish the author were here—but we must be up and doing, for enter the sun behind a cloud. Ha! there are our three young friends—the Neophytes—angling their way from below old Melrose—and we shall be foregathering with the foremost below Fly-Bridge. They seem, from frequent wadings to and fro the bank (never try to take off a Trout in the Tweed) to be landing them "thick and threefold;" so now, Sampson, do thy duty, or we shall be ashamed, and Magog will upbraid his master, empty but for a single Mort. A manly voice from a manly bosom calls—"Father, what sport?" For the *elite* of the youthful anglers of Scotland consider themselves our sons, and rejoice to do honor to their sire. His companions close in, and in half an hour we threaten to harry the stream, to the wonder of the lassies bleaching claes on the opposite bank, for the simple villagers supposed that few or no trouts were lying so near the houses; but soap-suds soon float away on the surface, and here is a tenant hooked by the tail—whose seven years' lease this day with himself expires. It might be fatal to a man with weak nerves to hook a Tweed three-pounder like this by the tail. We feel entirely at his mercy—and like lightning or a locomotive he flashes away below the span of the beautiful bridge, on a visit to Col. Spottiswoode. Suddenly, as if he had knocked his head against a post, he comes flying frantickly back, while it is as much as we can do to keep winding up with sufficient celerity to keep him tight in hand, and the alarm spreads through the village that he is a CLEAN FISH! The Neophytes lay down their rods, and collect at a proper distance behind us—to take a lesson in the most difficult department of the art. We feel that the eyes of all Europe are upon us—for we would back the three against that quarter of the globe—and in nine minutes and a half we land him on the very spot, to an inch, which we had fixed on at his first rush—a bit of sand between two stones hardly visible when the water, as now, is lowish, just below that part of the shelving bank where an old stunted saugh, always matted with river refuse, tells of the rising and falling of many a drumly flood.

Ground arms!

Empty panniers!

And lo! what a display! Magog is not in the minority, with his mort, his three pound burn trout, while each star had his due accompaniment of satellites. The parties have been at work but some two or three hours; but there are four of us, and that is equal to a whole day of one. Such conjunct spoil tells to the eye beyond the imagination, and each angler, in the pride of conscious skill, almost believes that he killed them all; and as he gazes on the aggregate, puts his pocket-pistol to his mouth, while one composite gurgle bears testimony to the most perfect unanimity of sentiment, corroborated, after a pause, by one composite *pech*.

Sitting down on a knowe, with the Neophytes at our feet, we call upon Magog to liberate the Howtowdy, which is instantly torn into pieces, and each angler has his joint. What-an eggs! from a pin-point to a pippin. They always go with the back, and the back always goes to us, in virtue of our Presidency of the Backbone Club. Yet, 'tis like eating a fish big with roe. But we are Malthusians, and the biped population, with and without feathers, is, by means like these, kept down to a salutary level, on which it may laugh at the idea of a Poor's law.

And now, Curly, dip your paw into Gog, and bring forth a pawful of paper, merely taking care that 'tis paper and nothing more, and we shall have a little poetry. If a song, sing; if an ode, chant; if an elegy, whine; if an epithalamium, croon it, like "a crooden'-doo;" and if blank verse, then, whatever may seem to be its subject, crunkleit up into a ball, with a chucky stane in the heart o't, and shy it at yonder lassie tramping claes, till she jump startled out of the tub.

[Here "Curly" sings a capital song, and OLD CHRISTOPHER pays him the compliment of telling he has "a sweet pipe;" KIT then calls on "Nosey" to spout, and on "Blue Beard" afterwards to recite, interrupting them at one time with]—

"Ay, ay, boys, we see you winking at one another at the idea of an old codger like us listening to erotics. But we were all the while attending to the translations, and comparing them, without an effort, with the originals; for we once had all Horace by heart, and at capping verses from him, remember once beating Canning to a stand-still, though 'tis true George's strength lay in Virgil, and with the Mantuan 'twas between us two a drawn battle."

[After a long and pleasant discussion of *Gog* and *Magog*, CHRISTOPHER and the NEOPHYTES resumed their sport.]

The feed is again on the water—the May-Fly. Good-bye, Boys—you will find the Old Man dodging about the holms of Old Melrose—perhaps asleep below a tree. Don't be later than Five—for thence 'tis a stiffish walk by the river side to St. Boswell's—and we shall be loaded like Pedlars. You will find some rich ground above yonder cairn. There they go—God bless them—three as fine lads as ever smoked a cigar. We shall saunter along the walks through these wooded banks, without a throw, for we hate to work among bushes, and half down there is free elbow-room on that beautiful bend of the river that goes proudly sweeping the rocks below that "woody theatree of amplest view"—and meanwhile we cannot help moralizing on the trials and temptations to which these striplings will be exposed—but our affection deters us from any application of our soliloquy to their individual characters, and we think but of those incident to youth.

* * * * * * *

Nay, we must try this stream, for 'tis a famous salmon cast, and we may peradventure happen on a Fish. There! Didn't we tell you so? Fast in a tree. That's lucky—for we cannot be bothered with changing our flies, and now we are presented with a favorable opportunity of getting quit of that set, we shall leave them dangling there for the sand-martins.

Eh! eh? not in Gog—not in Magog—not in our hat—not in our waistcoat—not in our jacket—not in our breeches! By the ghost of Autolycus some pick-pocket, while we were moralizing, has abstracted our Lascelles! With the exception of those three by yonder, we know not where to look for a fly! We may as well tie a stone to each of our feet, and sink away from all sense of misery in this Salmon Pool. Oh! that it had been our purse! Who cares for a dozen dirty sovereigns and a score of nasty notes? And what's the use of them to us now, or indeed at any time? And what's the use of this identical rod? Hang it, if a little thing would not make us break it! A multiplying reel indeed! The invention of a Fool. But the coach passes the bridge about this hour, and we shall return to Edinburgh. O Beelzebub! O Satan! was ever man tempted as we are tempted—see—see a Fish—a fine Fish—an enormous Fish—leaping to insult us—had we a gun we could shoot him—but we have no gun—only this great clumsy rod. There—let it lie there for the first person that passes—for we swear never to angle more. As for the Tweed we are tired of it, and wonder what infatuation brought us here—we shall be made to pay for this yet—whew! there was a twinge—that big toe of ours we'll warrant it is as red as fire, and we bitterly confess that we deserve the gout.

But hark! whoop and hollo, and is that to the music of the hunter's horn? Reverberating among the woods a well-known voice salutes our ear; and there! bounds our bold Bluebeard over a rock like a chamois taking his pastime. Holding up our LASCELLES! He drops it with a few affectionate and respectful words into Gog—hoping we had not missed it—and is off—leaving us to our own reflections and our flies. Nor do those amount to remorse—nor these to more than a few dozens. Sampson's strength having been restored—we speak of our rod, mind ye, not of ourselves—we lift up our downcast eyes, and stealing somewhat ashamed a furtive glance at the trees and stones that must have overheard and overseen all our behavior,

"Through Eden take our solitary way."

We leave those who have been in any thing like the same predicament to confess—not publicly—there is no occasion for that—nor on their knees—but to their own consciences, if they have any, their guilt, and we hope, their gratitude. Transported though they were beyond all bounds, we forgive them; for even those great masters of wisdom, the Stoics, were not infallible, nor were they always able to sustain, at their utmost strength, in practice the principles of their philosophy—neither always are we, nor, as you shall hear, Tompkins.

One of the most notable Trials and Triumphs of Temper on record is that which occurred to our literary and political associate a good many years ago, before his celebrity at the Hen and Chickens. "Shall I take down your breeches, sir, and give them a brush?" said Boots to the Bagman, lifting them, as he spoke, from a chair by the side of the bed in which the brazier reposed. "Do"—and Boots and breeches disappeared—and shall it be for ever? So, in process of time, began Isaac to suspect; for to that continuous alarum-bell of his, chambermaid after chambermaid withdrew his curtains at the life of day, but could give no authentic intelligence of his nether garments. Pair after pair—"alike, but oh! how different!"—were brought, with a clinical lecture, to the bagman, whom it required no ordinary courage to approach. In desperation, pantaloons were exhibited, though a voice continued to cry to all the house "breeches—knee-breeches—shorts." "Are you sure, sir," said one soft voice, "that you had them on last night on descending from the Evening Star?" "Will you have the goodness, sir," said another, "to feel if you have not got them on now?" Job's own stock of patience would have been exhausted by such queries; and Isaac—no lean and slippered pantaloon—stood like a Highlander in a linen kilt on the floor. That floor was literally strewed with breeches "thick as the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa," but they might just as well have been petticoats—for not into one single pair of the many there could Tomkins, though in the last extremity, get his extremities to go;—so after a few minutes in "maiden meditation fancy free," he descended in his drawers and his dressing gown into the Travellers' Room. Sternly eyeing a stout gentleman at muffins in a box, he ordered him to stand up, an order at once obeyed—for 'tis a fact worth knowing that not one man in a million will, on the spur of the moment, have presence of mind to sit still, if in an authoritative voice you command him instantly to rise. "How dare you, sir, to wear our breeches?" cried Tomkins, like Jupiter Tonans. "Your breeches!" replied, like Zephyr, the traveller in the soft line "Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell," replicated the traveller in the hard line—"Yes! Our Breeches! we could swear to that velveteen at Japan." "It may have been off the same piece, Mr. Tomkins," calmly retorted the man of muffins—"but—no tricks upon travellers—our breeches are our own—(and he clapped his hand firmly on his thigh as he spoke)—and we would scorn to wear any man's—were he the King himself—and what is more, Mr. Tompkins, we made our breeches with our own hands—the mistress having taken our measure—and let us tell you, sir, it was forgetful in your Mrs. Tomkins not to exchange lower garments with her husband, before he left home—for, gentlemen, the grey mare is the better horse."

After a stormy discussion, and a torrid house-warming, it was finally discovered, that Boots had borne away the Bagman's breeches in the Morning Star. How was this? With the trunk-hose over his arm, he had been watching the start; and though that was out of his line, assisting to remove the horse-cloths from the four furies; when purpled coachee, in a fit of apoplexy, fell off the box—and though that was out of line too, Boots, obeying the impulse of his own great heart, gathering up the reins, nor flinging down the breeches, in a jiffy was on the vacant throne. There,

"Attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,"

he handled the ribands in a style that would have excited the admiration and envy of Fowell Buxton. Once off, mortal man might not hope to stop, till they themselves chose to pull up—that is, at the end of the stage—those Greys. Soon as the extraordinary occurrence had transpired, Tompkins, in what is called a state nearly amounting to frenzy, ordered out a Po-Shay and Four—not simply, for their own sake, to overtake his flying Velveteens, but for her own sake too, the Morning Star. For in her had he been booked—so he swore, and none dared to contradict him—inside to Manchester. The Star had ten minutes' start—and the long odds were offered—and safe enough—taken "again' the Po-Shay." Strange that all his accidents on the road occur to Tompkins at mile-stones. The Po-Shay was hanging on the skirts of the Morning Star, when whew! off flew one of the wheels, and though the other endeavored to do its duty for some hundred yards, the postilion, trusting to the liberality of Tomkins, thought it prudent to pull up, while the Morning Star was seen lessening to the eye, far away on horizon, indifferent to the disasters of this lower world.

It was inaccurately stated at the time that Tomkins "was taken out of the vehicle much bruised"—for the vehicle had gone to pieces, and our excellent friend was lying on the path, with his head, as usual, resting on a mile-stone—"FROM BIRMINGHAM NINE MILES." The swoon was stated at the time to have been perhaps the longest into which he had ever been flung. The postilion had some difficulty in explaining to the surgeon of a neighboring village who was soon on the spot—and anxiously enquiring "what had become of the Lady?" that the unfortunate gentleman had not been carrying off an heiress—proved to be outside passengers on the Morning Star. Tomkins is of a sanguine temperament, and bleeds easily; and to his idiosyncrasy must be attributed his many miraculous escapes—for we doubt if there has been any species of vehicle in vogue within these thirty years out of which he has not been thrown—not to mention his innumerable falls from horseback. In less than half an hour he awoke from his swoon—and will you believe it—prepare yourselves for a wonder, but a truth—*with his breeches on!* Yes! with his breeches on as indisputably as ours are on at this moment—or yours—pardon, if a Lady, the soft impeachment. Boots, in a return shay, had espied the President of the Free and Easy in the above condition, and not only restored the lamented Bagman's breeches, but, no easy task, assisted the surgeon in putting them on the limbs of one who it was thought had gone, or was just a-going to settle his accounts in that place from whose bourne no Traveller returns.

The astonishment of Tomkins——But hooly and fairly—hooly and fairly—now for A FISH. With these blessed eyes we saw him—himself and his shadow—and though we do not foresee what we can do with him—should he take down the river—for 'tis twenty feet deep at yonder circumbendibus—and we harried a hawk's nest on the face of that rock—yet let us trust to our genius, which, like Wellington's, is not only fertile, but prompt in expedients in the hour of danger, and should the day seem to be going against us, and the aspect of affairs desperate, why then, we shall charge across the river, and show the heaviest salmon in the Tweed that swimming is a game that two can play at. Let us put on a bigger and a brighter Professor. Gog and Magog—lie you there—and Tip be quiet. Would that Sir Charles Bell were here, who excels in all he tries—artist, anatomist, angler of the first water—in science a discoverer, yet, like almost all the men of genius whom we have known, simple in his manners as if he were an amiable obscure—moreover, a delightful companion—the associate of Sir Humphry, and the beloved of Babington—that we might yield to him due precedence, and see a Fish taken to perfection. "Catch your fish before you gut them," is almost the only old adage we despise. It's spirit is scornful, and seems to indicate that skill is inferior to fortune. We eat them first—gut them shortly after—and catch them when we can. Strike, Kit! He's harpooned—and now, gentlemen, for the next half-hour—silence.

What may have been going on for the last half-hour in Europe, America, Asia, and Africa we neither know nor care; but THERE HE LIES!

"And we could wish to die lest aught less great
Might stamp us Mortal."

Let the sun shine on him—for 'twould be a shame to set his glory in the shade.

## SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

Field sports are presented in different forms in different parts of Europe and of the world; they vary according to the character of the people, the kind of game, and the nature of the country; and therefore, as the pursuit of the fox stands pre-eminent in this country (and is indeed far superior to all other rural diversions), my notice of *distinguished sportsmen* will be first directed to those who have been remarkable for their attachment to that ramification of the chase to which I have above alluded.

Amongst the most celebrated fox-hunters of Great Britain (the founder of the modern highly improved system of pursuit) must be ranked the late Hugo Meynell, Esq., who, finding his patrimonial residence (Bradley, Derbyshire,) not well calculated for the sport to which he was so passionately attached, removed to Leicestershire, founded the establishment of Quorndon, and raised it to incomparable superiority, if not to the pinnacle of perfection. Quorndon is situated at between two and three miles distance from the small market town of Loughborough, nine from Leicester, and about thirteen from Melton Mowbray. The accommodations for horses and hounds were on a very extensive scale, and as convenient as possible; while the mansion of the master was very commodious, and so contrived that a door from it opened into the principal stable (which accommodated thirty nags), and another into the kennel.

This distinguished improver of fox-hunting entertained several erroneous notions, particularly in regard to the foot of the hound. Somervile thus expresses himself in his beautiful poem:—

"On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His *round cat foot*, strait hams, and wide spread thighs,
And his low drooping chest, confess his speed."

And Mr. Meynell adopted the idea of the "round cat foot" as conducive to speed, without duly considering the subject. The bulb-like toes and round foot are correct enough in the cat, because her mode of progressive motion is very different from that of the dog; it is by a succession of bounds or springs in which the toes (the form of which constitutes the *round* foot) act very differently from those of the dog when running. The toes of the fox-hound, like those of the greyhound, can never be too much elongated for speed; at the same time they should be hard and wiry. A horse with short upright pasterns (which in progressive motion may be compared to the toes of the dog) must be necessarily slow, and so must a hound with a "round cat foot"—it cannot be otherwise.

This great sportsman made another mistake in entering his young hounds at hare; the pernicious effect of which he at length discovered, and abandoned the practice towards the close of his career. Mr. Meynell never lifted his hounds through sheep, if he could possibly avoid it; nor did he admire casting them after they had been laid on the scent; on such occasions he endeavored to keep the field aloof, so that the steam of the horses could not interfere with the scent. When casting was rendered necessary, it was done by himself and his whippers-in, in which the hounds were encouraged to spread and use their own sagacity; he avoided the mistaken custom of casting hounds at the heels of the huntsman's horse.

No hounds could be under better command than those of Mr. Meynell; this gentleman had a great aversion to his hounds chopping a fox in cover; and therefore he frequently drew the small gorses with only two or three couple.

Mr. Meynell was remarkable for the acuteness of his perception, and also for a sort of intuitive knowledge of the intention of the fox; when the first hound spoke in cover, he would take out his watch, note the time, and frequently remark, "We shall kill him in one hour and a quarter," or other specified time, as he might happen to judge. This gentleman possessed the faculty of managing a field of impetuous spirits in a very superior and pleasant manner; at an advanced age (upwards of seventy, I believe,) he retired from the management of the Quorndon establishment, uniformly beloved by his brother sportsmen, and leaving an imperishable name in the annals of the chase.

The late Lord Foley became Mr. Meynell's successor; but having neither the tact nor skill of his predecessor, particularly in regard to the management of a field of fiery youths, he soon grew tired of the situation, and the establishment passed into the hands of the Earl of Sefton. This nobleman evinced an ardent passion for the sports of the field in very early life, and also shone conspicuously as a cotemporary charioteer with the late Sir John Lade, and the other celebrated workmen in the same vocation of that day: as a driver of four-in-hand his lordship had no superior. If he was remarkable for his skill in handling the ribbons, he was equally distinguished for the quality of his steeds; his judgment in that elegant quadruped, the horse, was uniformly acknowledged; he drove the fleetest four-in-hand of the day, and indeed his lordship might be said to excel in whatever he undertook.

The Earl of Sefton's paternal estate is situated in Lancashire, a short distance from Liverpool, in which town he possesses considerable property. Croxteth Hall (the family mansion) is four miles from the enterprising commercial town mentioned above, from which his "broad lands" stretch away to the north and north east, including the townships of Croxteth, Aintree, Sefton, Altcar, Simmonswood, Kirby, &c., the greater part of which abounds with game; much of these estates consisting of light and sandy soils, partridges and pheasants are therefore found upon them as numerous as on the similar soils of Norfolk and Suffolk. Hares are also abundant, and the celebrated Altcar Coursing Meetings are held on the extensive flat meadows which form part of the township of that name.

The Earl of Sefton, whose name is Molyneaux, traces his descent from a Norman nobleman, who came to this country with William I., whose fidelity and services were rewarded by the conqueror with the gift of all the lands between the Ribble and the Mersey; but time, which changes the appearance of things, has altered the original disposition of the lands just mentioned; through marriages or other circumstances they have branched into the hands of various wealthy families and smaller proprietors, though his lordship retains an extensive portion, as would be perceived from the townships above enumerated.

This nobleman entered his office (master of the Quorndon hounds) with a degree of ardor and brilliancy hitherto unprecedented; he found himself surrounded by numerous kindred spirits, and placed in a country immeasurably superior to any other district in the kingdom for the pursuit of the fox. From the western part of Leicestershire, at Breedon Clouds, to the borders of the county of Northampton, grass lands preponderate very considerably. It is true, in the neighborhood of Breedon Clouds, some parts are heavy, particularly the bridle roads through Spring Wood, yet the land (stiff clay in general) is firm all the way to Oakley Wood, the point which a fox, found in Breedon Clouds, generally endeavors to make. Leaving Charnwood Forest to the right, the country is very good from Loughborough to Melton, particularly in the neighborhood of Ragdale; the Harborough side is superb.

When Lord Sefton took the management of the Quorndon hounds, they had been rendered more fleet than when under the direction of Mr. Meynell, and his lordship endeavored still further to increase their speed; however, in the eagerness for this inconsiderate celerity of progressive motion, one sterling quality of the hound was disregarded—in fact, the subject was not physiologically understood—the sense of smell. The consequence was, that unless the scent was breast high, the hounds could not pursue their game; and when they could run with their heads up, they went away from the field. The noble manager was not exactly a feather weight; on the contrary, he rode about sixteen stone; and he therefore experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining horses equal to the task of carrying him up to the hounds. For an animal which could go well with his weight for fifteen minutes, his lordship did not hesitate to give five hundred guineas; eight hundred for one which could accomplish the task for twenty minutes. But as the fox seldom surrendered his brush in so short a time as either the one period or the other, Lord Sefton found himself under the necessity of having several horses out at the same time; he was the first, I believe, who introduced this system, which has been much practised since his lordship's hunting career—even by light weights; the Earl of Plymouth, for instance, who scarcely rode eleven stone, had generally three in the field. The late T. Scarisbrick, Esq. (an excellent sportsman and a kind-hearted friend), frequently remarked that he was generally fatigued by the time he had tired one horse; yet it must be admitted that, when in a run, rendered extraordinary interesting by its pace, duration, &c., the first nag comes to a stand, it is remarkably pleasant to mount a second, who has the "go along" in him.

Lord Sefton generally came to the fixture in a carriage and four; in fact, he manifested the utmost spirit in everything relative to the establishment; and while he thus shone brilliantly in the field, his hospitality was equally conspicuous—his ample mansion was generally filled with distinguished guests; and as the early part of the day was spent in the animated delight of the chase, the evening was passed in the most cheerful and convivial hilarity.

His hounds were very numerous, with fifty hunters in the stables, unbounded hospitality, the establishment was conducted in a manner hitherto unexampled either as regarded splendor or expense. In a few years Lord Sefton gave up the management of the Quorndon hounds, principally on account of the difficulty of procuring horses able to carry him well up to them; many sank under the task; the expense of nags for his own riding was enormous. It is the pace that kills, and so Lord Sefton found it.

Upon his lordship's retirement from Leicestershire, he spent much of his time at Croxteth Hall, in the county of Lancaster, strictly preserved the game on his extensive estates, and for many years ardently followed *La Chasse au Fusil*. Fond of the ribbons, this accomplished charioteer might be frequently seen, during the months of September and October, driving a pair of splendid nags from his residence to Altcar, where he obtained partridge shooting equal to that afforded by the celebrated county of Norfolk.

As Lord Sefton had manifested an eager desire for speed in the fox-hound, so in the pointer he cherished the same notion; he obtained it in both cases—unfortunately at the expense of smell in each. His lordship's pointers were lofty, leggy, narrow-headed dogs, who were always apt to spring the game, and therefore always giddy; how often have I seen his keepers take off their jackets for the purpose of administering the lash more forcibly! Thomas Dixon, one of Lord Sefton's keepers, called at my residence with six young pointers, which he was not able to render steady, and anxiously inquired if I could inform him how to accomplish the object, remarking that "though they were as highly bred as any pointers in the kingdom, he could neither make them set nor back properly." Their breed was any thing rather than what it ought to be, as their appearance incontestibly manifested; they had much too copious a draught of the blood of the light fleet fox-hound.

About this time Lord Sefton frequently entertained Louis XVIII., and his slender retinue, at Croxteth; he paid the exiled monarch the most delicate and polite attention, which Louis remembered when restored to the throne of France, and gratefully acknowledged to his lordship at the Tuilleries. Field sports as pursued by the French present a different character from that by which they are distinguished in this country, as the gun is brought into operation with all kinds of game—the *battu* is a great favorite with French sportsmen, who seem to pride themselves rather on the extent of slaughter, than the much superior satisfaction imparted by skilful pursuit. The last day which the unfortunate Louis XVI. enjoyed in the field, he himself shot *five hundred and seventy-two head of game in eight hours!*

The following list exhibits the quantity of game killed in one year at Chantilli:—

| | Pieces of Game. | | Pieces of Game. |
|---|---|---|---|
| By M. de Cayla | 460 | By M. Guolett | 10 |
| M. de Canilla | 953 | M. Brieux | 62 |
| Comte d'Artois | 553 | M. Bailli de Cerusal | 196 |
| Duc de Bourbon | 403 | Abbe Balivere | 54 |
| Duc de Enghein | 9 | Baron de Chatelie | 26 |
| Prince d' Henri | 178 | M. de Valon | 8 |
| Duc de Polignac | 330 | M. Nedonchel | 16 |
| M. de Moucherolles | 93 | M. Minitier | 770 |
| M. de Choiseul | 195 | M. P. de Tallemont | 17 |
| M. de Tremouelle | 86 | Conte d'Anthieul | 403 |
| M. Vaupaliere | 75 | M. d'Anthieul | 822 |
| M. Lestanges | 248 | M. Sarabert | 78 |
| M. de St. Hermine | 29 | M. Bateroy | 6 |
| Messieurs Belinage (three) | 10868 | Messrs. Franklin | 317 |
| M. Damezega | 522 | Stags | 90 |
| M. St Cloud | 29 | Bears | 207 |
| M. Boazola | 471 | | |

The archives of Chantilli state that, from the year 1748 to 1778, the pieces of game killed by the Prince of Conde (owner of Chantilli) amounted to 65,574. The establishment at this place was altogether extraordinary; there were twenty-one miles of park, 48 miles of forest, the horses, when the family were at Chantilli, were above 500; the dogs 60 to 80 couples, and the servants upwards of 500!

In 1788, a party of ten persons at the chateau of Prince Adam Daversperg, in Bohemia, who were out *five hours* on the 9th and 10th of September, allowed that the first day 6,168 shots were fired, and 876 hares, 259 pheasants, 362 partridges, besides quails, rabbits, hawks, &c., were bagged, or rather waggoned. On the second day 5904 shots were discharged, and 181 hares, 634 pheasants, and 736 partridges were killed; in addition to these, in the evening of the second day were picked up, 42 hares, 75 pheasants 103 partridges, which could not be immediately found in the bustle of the business. We are further informed that no peculiar mode was adopted to drive together such a quantity of game.

In the field diversions with which Lord Sefton entertained his illustrious guests, he endeavored to assimilate them as nearly as the game and the nature of the country would admit, to those with which Louis XVIII. had been familiar in France. It is true there were neither stags, roe deer, nor boars, which constitute the noblest game of the Continental forest; but the pheasants, woodcocks, hares and rabbits, numerously found in the plantations of Croxteth, Simmonswood, and Kirby in particular, became excellent substitutes for the larger animals above mentioned. Louis was an excellent shot, and frequently tumbled over the flitting rabbit at an almost incredible distance. However, his shooting was not confined to the *battu*, as the exiled monarch came down to the low lands in pursuit of the partridge. That extensive flat, stretching from Melling to the Irish sea, was no doubt, at some remote period, covered by a mighty river, the Alt, now confined to the narrow compass of little more than an ordinary brook, affords (as I have already observed) excellent partridge shooting; but as it is intersected with numerous water courses, many of which are of an oozy description, crossing them by an elderly corpulent person, like Louis XVIII., after the manner of the farmers and pheasants of these parts (by a pole and trencher at the bottom) was impossible, and therefore a plank was carried by two attendants; thus in his misfortunes, the exiled king received the flattering and highly acceptable attentions of the Earl of Sefton.

Later in life, his lordship came on the turf, and kept an establishment at Newmarket: he was the owner of Juryman and Souvenir, considered superior racers, yet he was not eminently successful. In a few years he gave up his Newmarket establishment, and retired altogether from the turf; since which he has principally resided at Stoke Farm, a few miles London, visiting Croxteth occasionally in the shooting season. Seven years ago I met his lorkship on his return to Croxteth Hall from shooting in Kirby plantations; it was the month of November, and it having been a kind of *battu*, the game cart was loaded to repletion, particularly with pheasants.

T. B. J.

London Sportsman for May, 1838.

## PARIS RACES.

Racing and Breeding is getting to be very popular in France, being patronized not only by the Government to a great degree, but by the highest orders of the nobility. From the correspondence of Bell's Life in London and the Sunday Times, we compile the report annexed:—

Our Spring Races in the Champ de Mars this season have not been on that *real jockey style* anticipated by the good Parisians who have of late years become quite racing mad, as you know the French cannot bear to be surpassed in any one thing by their old rival, John Bull.

The delightful change in the weather attracted thousands to the Champ de Mars—more properly speaking, Champ de Mai, as all the trees are in full leaves, and the country presents its summer verdure, which only a few months ago was covered with snow. The fur tippet and pelerine has been thrown aside, and our gay and lively fair fashionables are now decorated in their light and tasty summer dresses, and nearly scorched by the burning sun.

SUNDAY, May 6, 1838.—A Prize of 2,000 francs, given by the Minister of Commerce, added to a Sweepstakes of 200 francs each; heats, once round the Champ de Mars. Five subs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's b. c. *Royal George*, 4 yrs. 115lbs | Flatman. | 1 | 1 |
| Duke of Orleans' b. f. Viola, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 92lbs | Pavis | 2 | 2 |
| Prince de la Moskowa's b. f. Zerlina, 4 yrs. 112lbs | Mizen | 3 | dr |

Won cleverly.

*Printemps Prize* of 2,500f., added to a Sweepstakes of 200f. each, for 3 year olds; once round. Five subs.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's ch. c. *Aladdin*, by Buzzard, out of the Shrew | Flatman | 1 |
| Duke of Orleans' b. c. Jeroboam, by Cadland, out of Manœuvre | Pavis | 2 |
| Lord Seymour's b. c. Venredi, by Cain, out of Naiad | Robinson | 3 |
| M. Lupin's b. c. Memnon, by Felix, out of Leopoldine | Mizen | 4 |

A fine race by the first three, and won by a neck.

A Prize of 1,500 francs, added to a Sweepstakes of 100f. each; twice round and a quarter. Three subs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's b. m. *Miss Annette* | walked over. |

Match, for 2,000f T.Y.C. 110lbs. each.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Count Grefulhe's b. h. *Malo Yaroslowitz* | Mizen. | 1 |
| Count Waleski's b. h. *Webb* | | 2 |

Won easy.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, the Duke and Duchess of Wertemburg, the Princess Clementine, and Madame Adelaide, the Duke of Nemours and the Duke d'Aumale, with an unusual number of fashionables, and nearly all the members of the Jockey Club and Palmer's Rooms, were present. In fact, we never recollect having seen these races so well attended.

TUESDAY, May 8—The *Cadran Prize* of 3,000f., added to a Sweepstakes of 300f. each; heats, once round. Four subs.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's b. c. *Frank*, 5 yrs. 115lbs | Robinson. | 1 | 1 |
| Duke of Orleans' br. f. Esmeralda, 4 yrs. 102lbs | Pavis | 2 | dr |

The *Pavilion Prize* of 5 000 francs, added to a Sweepstakes of 500f. each; heats, twice round. Four subs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's b. f. *Lydia* | walked over. |

The *Jena Prize* of 1,200 francs, added to a Sweepstakes of 100f. each; once round.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's b. f. *Juliette*, by Royal Oak, 4 yrs. 112lbs | Robinson. | 1 |
| M. Lupin's b. c. Memnon, by Felix, 3 yrs. 92lbs | | 2 |
| Duke of Orleans' ch. c. Ahasuerus, 4 yrs. 115lbs | | 3 |
| Prince de la Moskowa's b. f. Zerlina, 4 yrs. 112lbs | | 4 |

Won cleverly. The winner was claimed for 2,000 francs by M. Lupin.

THURSDAY, May 10—This day's races excited some interest, as it was expected that Lord Seymour, the hero of the race-course, intended to bring forward one of his most favorite horses, born and bred in this country, to contend against the Prince de la Moskowa, who has been trying his best to gain a prize this season, and not let Lord Seymour sweep every thing before him.

The commissaires, or umpires, on this day, were Count d'Hedouville, M. Lupin, and M. Vaublanc, three of our crack horsemen. M. Lupin was appointed to inspect the weighing of the jockies; M. d'Hedouville to give the starting signal; and M. de Vaublanc, Judge. Three prizes were contested for.

*Prize of the Cadran.* Once round and a quarter.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's b. c. *Frank*, 5 yrs. | 1 1 |
| Count de Combis' br. f. Esmeralda, 4 yrs. | 2 dr |
| Lord H. Seymour's b. c. Royal George, 4 yrs. | dr |
| Count de Combis' Angele | dr |

Time, 2:23.

Angele, on being brought to the ground, was found to be lame, and so was withdrawn, to the mortification of the Count, as she is a fine animal, and was to have run against Royal George, on which there were heavy bets, but this contretemps caused Lord Seymour to withdraw him. The contest then laid between Frank, the winner of last year's prizes, and Esmeralda. Fortune again frowned on the Count, as at the first heat, Esmeralda, who was attacked by the cramp in her right leg just before arriving at the betting post, and was passed by Lord Seymour's Frank, who gained the prize without the least exertion, amidst the cheers of the spectators. Pavis, the jockey who rode Esmeralda, began to slacken as soon as he had passed the Ecole Militaire; he then in a fury exclaimed—"J'ai perdu! le sacre Anglais l'emporte!" Frank ran round the Champ de Mars in 2 minutes 23 seconds. Esmeralda was now withdrawn, and Frank leisurely walked over the ground.

*Prize of the Pavilions.* Twice round.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's *Lydia* | walked over. |

*Prize D'Tena.* Once round. The winner to be sold for 2000 francs, if demanded.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's *Julietta* | 1 |
| M. Lupin's Memnon | 2 |
| Count de Combis' Ahasuerus | 3 |
| Prince de la Moskowa's Zerlina | 4 |

Time, 2:29.

All four started at the usual signal, given by the Count d'Hedouville. This race, the only one which created any excitement to the betters and the public, as the horses were all favorites, was vigorously contested. Notwithstanding that at the moment of starting, Julietta became restive, and refused for some seconds to run, she soon got into a line with Memnon, who had the lead and start over his adversaries; they arrived together at the last turn by the Ecole Militaire. Julietta and Memnon then separated, each appearing determined to gain the day. Julietta made a vigorous effort, and came in first, Memnon 2d, Ahasuerus (who unfortunately was lame) 3d, and Zerlina 4th; the two last came in a great distance behind the two former. Julietta ran the distance in two minutes and twenty-nine seconds in grand style. The bets upon her were freely taken at 10 to 1, although Memnon is certainly a fine horse. It was currently stated on the ground, after the race was over, that Monsieur Lupin, the owner of Memnon, took advantage of the regulations of the course which were granted him over his opponent, and he claimed Julietta for 2000 francs from Lord Seymour.

Great complaints are made by the Jockey Club that some of the noted proprietors and breeders enter several horses to dispute the same prize; among whom are mentioned Lord S——, who, for the Spring Prize ran for on Sunday the 6th inst., had two horses entered, *Venredi* and *Aladdin*. The general opinion was in favor of Venredi, as Memnon and Jeroboam, the two other competitors, came from other stables of less renown than his Lordship's. Aladdin, however, gained the prize, and it was loudly reported that Lord S—— had no doubt told his jockey, who rode Venredi, not to let him have his full speed, unless closely followed by Jeroboam. Indeed, Lord Seymour did not dissimulate the preference he had for his favorite Venredi, and he exclaimed, in the middle of the weighing ground, "that he would give Aladdin for nothing to the person who would bet 20,000 francs on that horse against Venredi."

SUNDAY, May 13.—This being the last of the Spring races, the course was thronged with amateurs, and a number of equestrian ladies, a fashion now coming much into vogue among the French *haut ton*, quite a l'Anglaise. Among the company present were—their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, the Duke of Nemours, the Prince of Moskowa, Lord Granville (the British Ambassador), Count Pozzo di Borgo (the Russian Minister), and the Ambassadors of Austria, Prussia, and all the leading nobility as well as foreigners now in the capital.

Match, 100 Louis d'or each. Twice round.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's ch. c. *Aladdin*, by Enozard, 94lbs | Flatman. | 1 |
| Marquis de la Vallette's ch. m. Heiress, by The Colonel, 132lbs | | 2 |

Won by a neck.

A Prize of 2500 francs, added to a Sweepstakes of 200f. each. Once and a half round. Three subs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord H Seymour's b. c. *Royal George* | walked over. |

The *Orleans Prize* of 3,000f., with 300 entrance, for horses of all countries.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's b. f. *Lydia* | walked over. |

The *Port Maillot Stakes* of 1000 f. each, for 3 year old fillies. Once round. Four subs.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Duke of Orleans' b. f. *Margieta*, by Royal Oak | Pavis. | 1 |
| M. Lupin's ch. f. Sarah, by Napoleon, out of Verona | | 2 |

Won easily.

The *Glatigny Stakes* of 1000 f., for 3 year old colts. Four subs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's bl. c. *Lestocq*, by Sir Hercules | walked over. |

Match, of 100 Louis d'or. Twice round.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lord H. Seymour's ch. c. *Aladdin*, 94lbs | Flatman. | 1 |
| Marquis de la Vallette's ch. m. Heiress, 128lbs | | 2 |

Won easily.

The next races are those of Chantilly, and much sport is expected, as some favorite horses are named. Lord Seymour's carry everything before them, to the very great chagrin of the French breeders. So certain are they that his horses will carry the prizes, that it is with difficulty they will enter them to be so signally defeated.

## RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

| | |
|---|---|
| Augusta, Ga. | Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec. |
| " " | Match, $10 000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting. |
| Camden, N. J. | Match, $5000 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting. |
| Culpeper C. H, Va. | Jockey Club Fall meeting 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept. |
| Fort Smith, Arks. | Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct. |
| Greensboro', Ala. | Henry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct. |
| Jefferson Co., Miss. | Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov. |
| Louisville, Ky. | Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct. |
| Lynchburg, Va. | Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept. |
| Mobile, Ala. | Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov. |
| Milledgeville, Ga. | Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov. |
| Montreal, L C. | St. Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 28th Aug. |
| Mount Sterling, Ky. | Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept. |
| New Iberia, La. | Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs. *Brooks*, 13th Oct. |
| New Orleans, La. | Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec. |
| " " " | Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec. |
| New York City. | Beacon Course, *Athletic Exercises*. 1st Wednesday, 5th Sept. |
| Olympian Springs, Ky. | Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept. |
| Quebec, L. C. | Annual Autumn Meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Sept. |
| St. Matthews, S.C. | Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next. |
| Trenton, N. J. | Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J. |
| Tallahassee, Flo. | Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan. |

### Blood Stock of Lucius J. and R. K. Polk, Eqrs.

*(Mount Pleasant, Tenn.)*

Dear Sir,—I take the liberty of sending you a list of my blood stock, which you will please have published in your paper and the new *American Stud Book*.

Gr. h. *Fop*, (imported,) bred by Mr. Cooke in 1832, by Stumps (son of Whalebone), dam by Fitz James (son of Delpini), out the Windle mare, dam of Imp. Leviathan, g. g. dam by Anvil, out of Virago, by Snap—Regulus, sister to Black-and-all-Black, by Crab—Miss Slammerkin, by True Blue—Oxford—Arabian—D'Archy—Black-legged Royal mare.

Ch. m. *Panola*, (imported,) bred by Mr. Nowell in 1835, by Muley, dam by Comus (half sister to Margrave), whose dam, an Election mare, was bred at Hampton Court, her dam Fair Helen, by Hambletonian—Helen by Delvini, &c.

B. m. *Tunica*, (imported,) bred by Mr. Nowell in 1835, by Muley, out of Calypso (own sister to Comus), by Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter, &c. Covered by Fop.

Gr. f. *Talalusa*, (imported,) purchased at the sale of the Hampton Court yearlings in 1837; she is by Stumps, her dam Variella (sister to Voltaire), by Blacklock, g. dam by Phantom, g. g. dam by Overton—Gratitude's dam, &c.

Ch. m. *Rosetta*, bred by the Rev. Hubbard Sanders in 1815, by Wonder, out of Rosy Clark, by Saltram—Camilla, by Wildair—Jet, by Flimnap—Diana, by Clodius—Sally Painter, by Sterling, out of the Imp. mare Silver, by the Bellsize Arabian, (own sister to Oscar.)

The above mare has been sold to Mr. W. H. Boddie.

PRODUCE of *Rosetta*.

1827. Ch. m. *Arabia*, by the Brown Arabian Bagdad.
1828. Ch. m. *Penelope*, by Timoleon. [Sold to Col. Buford.]
1829. Ch. m. *Jenny Devers*, by Stockholder. [Mr. Barrow, of La.]
1830. B. m. *Famine*, by Arab.
1831. Missed to Stockholder.
1832. Ch. m. *Polly Devers*, by Stockholder. [Died with Glencoe from in-
1833. B. m. by Stockholder. (W. H. Boddie.) [flammation of the stomach.]
1834. Missed.
1835. Ch. c. *Lyndock*, by Leviathan. [By five.]
1836. Missed to Luzborough.
1837. Ch. c. *Lyndhurst*, by Leviathan. [W. H. Boddie.]

PRODUCE OF *Arabia*.

1836. Ch. f. *Atala*, by Marshal Ney (son of Pacolet).
1837. B. f. by Imp. Merman.
1838. Ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan.
Covered by Imp. Fop.

PRODUCE OF *Famine*.

1835. B. f. by Giles Scroggins.
1836. B. f. *Fanny Booth*, by Imp. Luzborough.
1837. Missed to Glencoe.
1838. Covered by Fop.

*Nili*, bl. m., foaled in 1824, by Black-and-all-Black (son of Madison), dam by Careless, g. dam by Augustus, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Fearnought, who was by Regulus, out of Silvertail—Careless, by Obscurity—Augustus, by Janus—Pilgrim, by Fearnought.

PRODUCE.

1829. B. c. by Carolinian. [Judge Catron.]
1830. Ch. f. *Gatronimia*, by Timoleon. [H. Baldwin, jr.]
1831. B. f. by Arab. [Judge Catron.]
1832. Bl. c. by Imp. Leviathan. [Judge Catron.]
1833. Ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan. [H. Baldwin, jr.]
1834. Missed.
1835. Br. c. *Stockton*, by Stockholder. [Lucius J. Polk.]
1836. Missed. [Breeder.]
1837. Ch. f. by Luzborough. [L. J. Polk.]
1838. Br. c. by O'Kelly's son of Eclipse. [L. J. Polk.]
Covered by Imp. Fop.

Gr. m. *Nonconna*, bred by H. Smith in 1833, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle—Pacolet—Imp. Mendoza—Imp. St. George—Imp. Ariel, &c. (sister to Jim Polk and Narcissa Parish.)

PRODUCE.

1837. Gr. f. *Esther Wake*, by Imp. Luzborough.
1838. Ch. f. *Glenara*, by Glencoe.
Covered by Imp. Fop.

Ch. m. *Lezinka*, bred by H. Smith in 1833, by Imp. Leviathan, dam Anvillina Smith, by Stockholder–Pacolet–Imp. Mendoza–Imp. St. George–Imp. Ariel, &c.
1838. Covered by Imp. Fop.

Half of the above stock belong to R. K. Polk, having been recently sold to him.

Hamilton Place, April 24, 1838. Lucius J. Polk.

### Blood Stock of M. L. Hammond and Lewis Lovell,

*of Augusta, Ga. Jan 1, 1838.*

*Gerow*, ch. c., foaled 1834, was got by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Vixen, by Eclipse, grandam the dam of Robin Hood, by Hickory.

Gerow was bred by James Bathgate, Esq., of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y., and was purchased in his yearling form and brought to Georgia by John G. Winter, Esq., of Augusta.

*Target*, b. c., foaled 28th April, 1834, was got by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey, by Marquis, grandam by Sir Handy, g. g. dam by Imp. Bedford—Imp. Shark—old Mark Anthony—Imp. Janus—Imp. Dabster.

Target was bred by Sampson A. Robertson, of Va.; he and his dam were introduced into Ga. by Col. W. Townes, late of Augusta.

*John Guedron*, ch. c. foaled 1834, was got by old Bertrand, out of Madonna, by Precursor, grandam by Spread Eagle—Percy—Dainty Davy—old Cripple.

Precursor was got by Sartorious, out of Nancy Air; Percy was got by Yorick, out of Col. Coldsey's Imp. mare.—Vide Turf Reg., p. 573.

John Guedron was bred by Dr. James Leveritch, of Augusta, Ga., who still owns his dam; she is stinted to Bertrand.

*Eclipsa*, ch. f., foaled 1833, got by Eclipse, out of an Arab mare, she by old Potomac—Pegasus—Jackson's Sprightly—Imp. Janus—Imp. Valiant—Moore's Partner—Imp. Merry Pintle—Imp. Traveller—Imp. Dotext—Imp. Bucephalus—Imp. Crawford—Imp. Justice—Imp. Juniper—Imp. Childers, out of an imported mare purchased from Lord Cullen's stud.

*Sally Vandyke*, gr. m., 4 yrs. old in May last, by Henry, dam by Oscar.—See Turf Register for detailed pedigree.

*Julia Legrand*, b. f., foaled in 1834, was got by old Bertrand, out of a Whip mare, grandam by Spread Eagle—Imp. Buzzard, &c.

Julia Legrand was bred by Mr. James Berry, of Ky

*Rifleman*, ch. c., foaled in 1835, was get by Woodpecker, out of a Potomac mare, grandam by Imp. Shark, &c.

The above pedigrees were transcribed by the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, from the original certificates, in the possession of Messrs. Hammond & Lovell, in January, 1838, at Augusta, Ga.

### Blood Stock of F. O. A. Sherrod, Esq.

*Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala.*

No. 1. *Jennie Deans*, 18 yrs. old next Spring, raised by Col. Aldridge, of Virginia, was by Powhattan (he by Imp. Diomed), her dam Nancy Dawson, by Bonaparte (he by Imp. Highflyer), grandam by Silvereye, g. g. dam by the Arabian horse Dey of Algiers. She was purchased from Mr. J. Elliott in the Spring of 1835, with a Leviathan filly (Caledonia), then two years old, out of her. Her produce in 1831, a dark br. c. by Marion, large and very promising.

PRODUCE.

1837. A dark b. c. by Imp. Consol.
Now in foal to Imp. Comus, and will be stinted next season to Marion.

PRODUCE OF *Caledonia*.

1831. B. c. by Marion, now in foal to Imp. Consol, and will be stinted next season to Marion.

*Faro Bank*, a ch. m., 7 yrs. old next Spring, by Sir Richard Tonson (full brother to Mons. Tonson), her dam by Wilkes' Wonder, grandam by Grand Turk (son of Bany's Grey Medly), g. g. dam by Douglas's Roan (a son of Comus).

PRODUCE.

1835. A s. c. by John Lowery.—(Dead.)
1836. A s. c. by Marion.
1837. Twin colts by Imp. Consol.—(Dead.)
Will be stinted to Marion the present season.

*Marion*, by Sir Archie, dam by Citizen. Stands at Chantilly (my plantation), ear Tuscumbia, at $40 the season, and $1 to the groom.

Fred. O. A. Sherrod.

### LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

Will commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. Sanders names b c. Accident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association names f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| William Buford, Jr., names the get of Medoc. | | |
| M. R. Tarlton | " | " Woodpecker. |
| T. G. Moore | " | " Sparrowhawk. |
| Y. N. Oliver | " | " Waxy. |

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub. $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. G N. Sanders | 10. R. Pindell |
| 2. G. N. Sanders | 11. Wm. Buford, Jr. |
| 3. S. Burbridge | 12. M. W. Dickey |
| 4. S. Burbridge | 13. J. K. Duke |
| 5. Mason Thompson | 14. Robt. Burbridge |
| 6. Benjamin Luckett | 15. J. W. Fenwick |
| 7. M. R. Tarlton | 16. J. R. Grigsby |
| 8. F. R. Robinson | 17. Thos. G. Moore |
| 9. Jas. L. Brady | 18. Wm. Wynn. |

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

PURSES

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse - - $1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's " - - 700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value - - 500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

Louisville, June 25, 1838. [J7]

### CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

Will commence on the Fourth Tuesday, 25th day of September next, and continue five days.

*First Day*—Match, $1000 a-side, 160lbs on each., Three mile heats, between John P. White's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged. James Hansbrough's b.h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

*Second Day*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

*Third Day*—J. C. Purse $300, ent. $20.

*Fourth Day*—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.

*Fifth Day*—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered in some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.

[J7-t22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor.*

### CARROLLTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

The Fall Meeting of 1838 will commence, over the Carrollton Course, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and continue five days.

*First Day*—Match, $100 a-side, h. ft., One mile, between Mr. Carracoe's ch. h. *Charley* and Mr. Seymour's *Ellen Ross*.

*Second Day*—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with 4 subs.

H. Vaughan names ch. c. Tom Smith, by Lance, dam by Botts' Lafayette.
E. S. Revill names b. f. Oxidento, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.
G. E. Blackburn names Amanda Zureman, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy.
Thos. Moore names b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Camsil.

*Third Day*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $30 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Four subs. and closed

H. Vaughan names ch. f. by Lance, dam by Sir Archy.
G. E. Blackburn names gr. f. Arilla, by Lance, dam by Bertrand.
Thos. Moore names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassina.
Stephen T. Drane names bl. f. by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette.

*Same Day*—J. C. Purse $——, Mile heats.
*Fourth Day*—J. C. Purse $——, Two mile heats.
*Fifth Day*—J. C. Purse $——, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
*Sixth Day*—J. C. Purse $——, Three mile heats.
} Free for all ages.

The amount of the Purses is not yet ascertained, but will be liberal.

[Jy7-9t] HIRAM SENOURS, *Secretary.*

### SETTER FOR SALE.

A VERY HANDSOME SETTER, 3 years old, liver color and white, may be had cheap on application to This Office. He is staunch, under perfect command, and for Woodcock is not excelled by any setter in the country. [Jy7-3t]

### CRICKETERS ATTEND.

ALL PERSONS, who feel interested in promoting the Game of Cricket in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, are requested to attend a meeting on Monday Evening, July 9th, at 8 o'clock, at the house of Mr. T. Withington, Harmony Hall, No. 13 Sheriff Street, for the purpose of finally establishing a Cricket Club, and electing the proper officers to transact the business of the said Club. By order of the present Committee,

[Jy7-1t] WM. WILD, *Chairman pro. tem.*

### LAFAYETTE COURSE—AUGUSTA, Ga.

THE Annual Jockey Club Fall Meeting on this Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 11th of December next, and continue four days. The following liberal purses will be given:—

*Tuesday*—Two mile heats, Purse - - - - - $400
*Wednesday*—Three mile heats, Purse - - - - - 700
*Thursday*—Four mile heats, Purse - - - - - 1500
*Friday*—Mile heats best 3 in 5, Purse - - - - 400

The purses are subject to a deduction of 15 per cent. (as carried by a resolution of the Club,) to defray the expenses of a Jockey Club Ball. There will be no division of Purses as at the last meeting. JAMES LAMKIN & Co., *Proprietors.*

Augusta, June 22, 1838

### Spring Meeting, 1839.

THE Annual Spring Meeting of the Jockey Club for 1839, on the Lafayette Course, will commence on Tuesday, 2d week of March. The following purses will be given:—

*Tuesday*—Two mile heats, Purse - - - - - $400
*Wednesday*—Three mile heats - - - - - 600
*Thursday*—Four mile heats - - - - - 1000
*Friday*—Mile heats, best 3 in 5. - - - - - 400

No deduction for the Jockey Club Ball at this meeting.

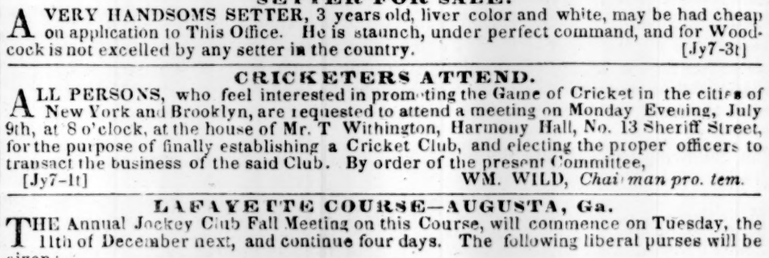
[J30-4t] JAS. LAMKIN & Co., *Proprietors.*


PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.

No. 155

BROADWAY NEW-YORK,

COLT'S PATENT.



The above Company have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms:—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.


### CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamots. and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [n5]

### TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

By the solicitation of a number of Gentlemen, the Proprietors are induced to offer the following Sweepstakes, to come off the first part of September, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J.

1st. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

☞ Entrance to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No 31 Park Row, on or before the 1st of August, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

For each Sweepstake the track must be in good order, or postponed until it is. The Judges must decide.

New York, June 30, 1838. [J30-tf.] A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*

### SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs.

Also,—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, P. P.

And a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, same time. One mile. Sub. $100, h. ft. Now two subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs. and promises well

Same time—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $150. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1838, out of mares that never produced a winner, to be run 4th day of Spring meeting, 1841. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To close 1st Sept. 1838. Now several subs.

A Post Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Three mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839 [J3-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

### MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

*First Day*—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

*Second Day*—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
*Third Day*—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats..... 700
*Fourth Day*—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000
*Fifth Day*—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300
} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

[apl21] F. K. W.

### IMPORTED COLT FOR SALE.

A VERY FINE COLT, 3 years old last May, bred by his late Majesty William IV., at Hampton Court, and purchased at the annual sale of Yearlings for 165 guineas, will be sold at a bargain on application to the Editor of this paper. He was got by The Colonel, out of Goosander (the dam of Sheveller and Sailor) by Scud. He was imported into this city in his yearling form, and was trained this Spring by James Bathgate, Esq., at West Farms, but did not start, having been attacked with the distemper. He is a light chesnut without white, about 16 hands, and of great substance and promise. He may be seen at Mr. Bathgate's stable, about 14 miles from this city.

New York, June 30, 1838 [J30-3m*]

### THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P. 96.

The Durec mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Applicat on to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.

[a14] A. ASHBURNER.

### ENVOY

WAS IMPORTED from England by the Hon. Judge Wilkins, late Minister from the United States to Russia. He is now 5 years old, of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is 16 hands and one inch high. He is now at the stable of Mr. Lewis K. Grigsby, in Winchester, Clark County, Ky., where it is *intended by his owners* he will remain for the present, and where he will be introduced to a few mares only, and them of good pedigree. Mr. Grigsby has now in his possession a filly by Envoy, out of a Moses mare, owned by James Wilson, foaled on the 14th April last, which, from present appearances, is not second to any in the United States.

*Pedigree of Envoy.*—Envoy was sired by Mennon, who was certainly the most distinguished horse of his day—he was by Whisker (brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c.) out of Manilla by Dick Andrews; her dam Mandane, by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Calibri, &c. The dam of Envoy is Zarina, by Morisco, by Muley; dam, Ina by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander—Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab, &c. &c. JAMES WILSON, Proprietor.

*Extract of a Letter from a highly respectable Gentleman in Kentucky, dated April 21, 1838:—*

"Mr. Wilson.—I went to see your imported horse *Envoy*, at Mr. Grigsby's—he was very fine, and appears, in all his parts, to be all he ought to be. I also saw the filly by Envoy, out of your old Moses mare: it was foaled on the 14th April, and is really very large and very fine. You speak highly of a colt you have, 11 months old, but I doubt very much if you have as fine a colt as this, and from its appearance, Envoy must breed well."

June, 1838. [J23-6t*]

### TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [A126]

### TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

### INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c. HENRY WELLS, *Principal.*

New York, April, 1838

### AMOS HEAD,

SUCCESSOR TO I. N. HAYNES & Co., 136 Fulton Street, begs to apprise his friends and the public, that he is able to supply them with Gentlemens' Clothing upon the same liberal terms as his predecessors. He trusts that by prompt attention to business, and the fashionable style and excellent quality of his clothing, to merit a continuance of the patronage extended to Messrs. Haynes & Co., and also to secure increased patronage from the public, pledging himself to spare no pains or expense to deserve it. His stock of goods has recently been increased, by the addition of the most fashionable articles in the market, which he begs his friends and customers to call and examine.

New York, June 25, 1838. [J30-tf.]

### DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe where he will continue his practice an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur [J10]


## NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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